THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Vol. 60. Publication Office, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881. $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 31.

MY WANTS.

BY RITA.

'Tis this I want—a friend that's true,
Who will my virtues kindly view,
And all my faults as kindly scan,
Nor count me more or less than man!
And even more;
I want a hand my own to hold
When days are dark, and drear, and cold;
An arm my faltering feet to stay
While here I tread life's weary way,
Such friend I want, and even more.

I want true love—true woman's love,
As pure as that which rules above,
As deep as the unsounded sea,
And broad as is immensity;
And even more;
I want a smile to light my home,
A kiss to greet me when I come,
A heart whose sweet and holy chime
Shall with my own keep even time;
Such love I want, and nothing more.

I want a calm, secluded place
In the kind thoughts of all my race;
I want that men should speak of me
In gentle tones of charity;
And even more;
I want to feel, deep in my heart
I've acted well my humble part,
And when my earthly course is run,
I want the Master's kind "well done!"
All this I want, and nothing more.

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"HILDA," cried Lord Baynebam, when he saw his wife, "what have you been doing? Late hours and dancing do not suit you. You are like a drooping lily this morn. Look at Barbara—she is blooming like a rose."

Miss Earle smiled at her cousin, but looked anxiously at Lady Hilda.

"I am afraid all this gaiety has been too much for you," she said, kindly. "You look very ill. Rest to day, and I will do all I can to supply your place."

Lady Hilda was thankful for the respite, and gladly consented to return to her own room until dinner-time, when she would be obliged to appear among her guests.

"Pauline tells me you went out early for a walk," said Lord Baynebam. "If I had known it, you should not have gone alone."

"I did two things," she replied, trying to speak indifferently, turning her fair startled face from him. "I went for a walk, and called to see a sick woman who has been lying ill for some time at the Fir Cottage. She died while I was there."

"Good little Samaritan," said Lord Baynebam; "but Hilda, darling, although I love your charity, remember that you are not strong. It is seeing all that misery that has made you ill to day. Be good in moderation."

She looked at him wistfully; how little he knew, how little he dreamed who it was she had been to see! How little he thought the young wife whose comfort he was studying in that sumptuous room was a convict's daughter! If he knew it, surely he would send her from him and never see her more.

Lord Baynebam piled up the soft downy cushions on the couch, he lowered the blinds, and placed the pretty little stand by her side. A vase of rare exotics stood upon it, filling the room with a summer breath of fragrance.

"Shall I read to you now?" he asked. "Barbara and my mother can keep every one amused; or would you like to be alone?"

"Read to me, if you will be so kind," she replied, for she dreaded being alone again; she knew thinking would almost become madness.

The young earl sat by her side; unconsciously one hand lingered on her golden hair, where lately her mother's dying hand had lain. He read, in a soft, low voice. She drew his hand from her hair, and pressed it to her lips. She would have given the world, poor child, to have told him her secret. He looked so calm and strong, even should he send her from him, as unworthy of his name, it would be better than the slow torture of suspense she must undergo; but the vow made to her dying mother sealed her lips. Of a deeply religious and reverent nature, it seemed to her a sacrilege to dream of breaking it.

Wave after wave of thought rushed over her heart and mind while the soft tone of her husband's voice sounded like a soothing melody in her ears. Wearied and tired and exhausted by want of sleep and grief, the violet eyes closed gently, and Lady Hilda for a time forgot all her sorrows.

Lord Baynebam saw that she had fallen asleep; he closed his book, and watched the fair young face he loved so well.

Half an hour passed, and then a change came over the sleeper. He saw her lips quiver, while long-drawn sighs parted them; then she started up, crying:

"It was not my fault, Claud,—I knew nothing of it. Do not send me away!"

"My darling," said Lord Baynebam, gently, "you are dreaming. What is the matter?"

"I thought you were so angry with me," she said, confusedly.

"Which shows how foolish dreams are," said Lord Baynebam; "hills will become valleys, and the seas turn into dry land, before that comes to pass."

"Would nothing ever cause you to love me less?" she asked, wistfully.

"Nothing, my pretty blue bell," he replied; "I do not think I could love you more, and I am certain I shall never love you less. Now I will leave you. You will perhaps sleep, and I have to drive over to Laleham to day."

He held her in his arms before he went away, and kissed her pale, sweet face, murmuring words of love that filled her heart with a pleasure that was keen pain.

"If he knew," thought the poor girl; "if he knew!"

Until the dressing-bell rang she lay quiet and motionless; and one might have thought her dead or asleep.

Once Miss Earle came in with a glass of rare old wine. She found her awake, but with a strange expression on her face.

"Drink this, Hilda," said Barbara; "it is almost magical; you will feel quite well after it. Lady Baynebam asked me to bring it myself."

"Lady Baynebam is very kind," said Hilda, wearily, the same sad thought running through her mind—"what would she say if she knew?"

"Is anything wrong, Hilda?" asked Miss Earle, looking steadily at the fair sad face; "you are tired. But you seem more frightened than ill. Surely you have not seen any of the Baynebam ghosts. Claud firmly believes in them."

"I shall be better soon," said Lady Hilda evasively thinking, poor child, how truly Barbara spoke. She had seen the ghosts of her youth and happiness; no wonder she looked pale and scared.

When she was once more left alone, Hilda tried hard to rouse herself from the bewildered state she had fallen into.

"They will suspect me soon," she said, "unless I can recover myself."

She thought, with a cold shudder of dread, what the consequences of detection must be. She did not care for her husband's title, his rank, position, or wealth; but she loved him, and without him life would be a burden she could not bear. Hilda inherited much of her mother's loving, constant nature.

Fear helped her. She chose her prettiest dress and rarest jewels. The golden hair was entwined with gleaming pearls. With the shining of jewels it was difficult to detect how pale and changed the lovely face was. Lord Baynebam was delighted to see his wife recovered; he kept near her, and lavished delicate and loving attentions upon her.

"My blue-bell was never intended for a hot-house," he said, laughingly; and even Lady Baynebam had a kind word.

"I have missed you very much all day," she said, touching the fair face gently with her proud lips; "we must take more care of you, Hilda. You are not strong."

She sat at the head of the sumptuously appointed table, trying to talk and laugh as others did; but the whole time there was a strong impulse upon her, urging her to cry aloud that she was an impostor, who had no place there—a convict's daughter, who ought never to have been an earl's wife. There were times she had to bite her lips, or the words would have escaped her.

Outwardly she regained her composure, singing when desired; moving and warming all hearts by her rich, passionate music of her voice, charming all eyes by her smiling, sweet grace, while her thoughts were ever with the dead mother who lay in the Fir Cottage. She could not leave home again alone. She sent money to Mrs. Paine; but Lord Baynebam had taken alarm at the state of her health, and was not willing to let her go out of his sight.

Tuesday morning came at last, when Magdalen Hurst was to be laid in her lonely grave, and Lady Hilda resolve to attend her funeral; yet she found great difficulty in doing so. Happily the sun shone as though shedding a last blessing upon the broken-hearted who was never to see it more. Happily, too, the countess asked her son to drive her over to Grainton Hall, so that Lady Hilda found the greater part of the day at her own disposal.

* * * * *

It was a very poor funeral; there was nothing to be seen save the bearers, and Mrs. Paine as chief mourner. No one noticed the lady in the dark dress who knelt in one of the pews, and wept as though her heart was breaking. There was no one to note how she stood some little distance from the grave, longing and wishing that she, too, could rest with her beautiful, unhappy mother.

So they laid Magdalen Hurst to rest. Of all those who had loved her in her fair youth none were present. The sun shone brightly upon her grave, as it had done on the bonnie woods of Brynmar, when she met her fate so many years ago.

Some weeks after a plain gray stone marked the spot. It bore no name; she had wished it to be so; but this lonely grave was watered with bitter tears, shed for her who, after life's fitful fever, was now at rest.

* * * * *

"I am not at all satisfied with Hilda's state of health," said Lady Baynebam to Barbara Earle. "The child looks as though a cloud had fallen over her. Claud tells me she goes about visiting cottages, and all that kind of thing. It must be very injurious to her."

"Did you ever try it, aunt," said Barbara, quietly.

"Cottage visiting? No, my love; I am too sensitive," said the countess, blandly. "I gave plenty away during the late earl's lifetime; but I cannot endure sorrowful sights; they make me ill."

"We will hope Hilda's nerves will be stronger than yours," said Barbara. "I do not think the cottagers weigh upon her mind; but she is really ill, and should have change of air."

February had arrived, and the snowdrops began to show their drooping heads; still Lady Baynebam and Barbara lingered at the Castle. The young earl was unwilling to part with them; he had grown anxious respecting his wife. He could not understand the change that had fallen upon her. The light had died out of her beautiful face, the smiles had left her lips. Whenever he came in and found her alone, her face was so sad and wistful that it pained him. He thought her spirits forced, and her gaiety unnatural and assumed.

It was a strange lot that had fallen upon that fair young child, and she faded away under the weight of the secret. The grass was beginning to grow green upon her mother's grave; still no hint of it had escaped her; yet its weight was robbing her of life, and hope, and love. She began to think she might be justified in telling Lord Baynebam.

"No matter," she said to herself, "how bind the vow, it could never be right to keep the secret from him."

She grew bewildered, and there were times when she could hardly distinguish between right and wrong. It was so hard to keep a secret from him when she loved him so much.

One evening Barbara Earle had been singing a pretty ballad, founded upon the story of Lord Burleigh, of Burleigh House.

"I do not like that story," said Lady Baynebam; "Lord Burleigh should have chosen a wife from his own class. Unequal marriages are never happy ones."

Lady Hilda was busy arranging some photographs, and Lord Baynebam was assisting her.

"Is that your belief, Claud?" she said to him, when Lady Baynebam had finished speaking.

"Yes," he replied, carelessly. "I am no very great advocate for unequal marriages."

"Suppose," she continued, "you had married some one very far beneath you—some one whose name even was a disgrace and shame to bear, and you discovered it after you were married, what should you do?"

Her fair face grew pale as she spoke, and her heart beat quickly as she waited for his answer.

"How dearly you ladies love argument!" said Lord Baynebam with a smile. "Well, suppose, as you say, Blue Bell, that I had married someone dreadful and disgraceful, and found it out afterwards, what should I do with her?—was that what you asked me, dear?"

"Yes," she replied, and he never saw her quivering lip, or noticed her trembling voice.

"Well," continued Lord Baynebam, with an amused smile, "of course, anyone dreadful or disgraceful must be sent back to her friends again. The very pictures would start from the walls in horror at such a *mesalliance*. The Ladies Baynebam have ever been *sans reproche*. As soon as I discovered my mistake, I should find the remedy for it."

He spoke carelessly, never dreaming that she attached any importance to his words. They destroyed the last gleam of hope in her heart. She could never tell him her secret; for now, if he should know it, he would send her away.

From that hour hope seemed to leave her; day by day the fair young face grew more sad and wistful, and the graceful figure grew thin.

Lord Baynebam became seriously alarmed and summoned one of the best physicians in England to his wife's aid; but the doctor was puzzled, too.

"You tell me," he said to the young earl, "that Lady Baynebam has had no trouble, no grief or anxiety preying upon her."

"I do not think she knows the meaning of grief or sorrow," said Lord Baynebam smiling at the idea; "whatever else may ail her, it is not that."

With all his skill the doctor could find no solution to the mystery—no reason for the weakness and languor that wore away the life of his beautiful patient. He advised change of air, and Lord Baynebam was prompt in action. By the end of that week every arrangement was made, and the earl with his young wife had begun the journey that he thought was to restore her to health and strength.

CHAPTER XX.

THE month of blossoms, "sweet maiden May," came round again, bringing all most worthy of note, men of letters, artists, poets, statesmen, beauties and belles to the great city.

London was in its pride. The season was a good one, and everyone looked busy, prosperous and happy.

In the drawing-room of one of the prettiest houses in May Fair, Lady Grahame sat with her friend, confidante, and companion, Miss Lowe. The house was not a grand mansion, nor was the drawing-room one of the most sumptuous, but everything in it spoke of refinement and elegance.

Lady Grahame herself was more elegant than beautiful; no one knew her age, and what was still better, no one could guess

it She might be looking old for thirty or young for fifty. Her dark hair was as luxuriant as ever, roses bloomed on her cheek and lip, there was light and fire in her dark eyes, and no wrinkle or line marred the pleasant, comely face.

Lady Grahame was fairly entitled to be called "well preserved." Why should she be otherwise? Her life had been one calm, untroubled scene of enjoyment. She knew nothing of the darker side of life, though she had a vague idea of that somewhere far away from her prosperous happy world there were darker shades of human life, dim mysterious troubles that made people old before their time, and brought them to that wonderful mystery called death.

She was the only child of a country squire, and early in life had married Sir Wilton Grahame a baronet of noble descent, and through him was connected with some of the best families in England. Her mother was the daughter of Lord Dalecairn of Dalecairn, and her mother's family was a large one.

Sir Wilton Grahame died, leaving his widow a comfortable jointure; her parents died, leaving a small fortune; and Lady Grahame, while still in the prime of life, found herself free and unfettered, moderately rich, liked and courted by the numerous aristocratic members of her family.

Lady Grahame made no pretensions to intellectual culture. She knew the names of the leading authors of the day, she knew the most popular artists and the best pictures they painted. "Such things were talked about," and she never liked to be behind There all mental effort ended; she liked an elegant house, well-filled with pretty knick-knacks, she liked a few well-trained servants fashionable dresses, and good jewelry, all of which tastes her income enabled her to gratify.

The one grand study of her life was "comfort." She had no idea beyond it. Her sofa-cushions and easy chairs must be of the softest down; no breath of cold, no rough wind must ever come near her. Her table must be daintily prepared, and her slumbers unbroken.

In order to secure this continual attention to her comfort, Lady Grahame sought for a companion.

She was not long in finding one. For a certain stated sum, Miss Lowe consented to devote every thought of her mind to the personal comforts of Lady Grahame.

The ladies had been out shopping, and something had evidently caused Lady Grahame great pleasure, for her eyes sparkled, and her comely, pleasant face was lit with smiles.

"I tell you, my dear," she said to Miss Lowe, "that I have really never seen a more elegant or handsome man. Poor Sir Wilton had a nice face, but he was not to be compared to him; his attentions were quite marked. Mrs. Henderson tells me he besieged her with requests for an introduction to me."

The ever-attentive Miss Lowe murmured something to the effect that it was not surprising; which little bit of incense being properly offered and accepted, Lady Grahame resumed her remarks with the same expression of well-pleased vanity.

"I am told he is very wealthy; that he has made a large fortune abroad, and goes into the best society I know. Really I never saw a more polished or charming manner, and such a flow of spirits. I cannot remember the witty things he said but we quite agreed upon many points. He has a very handsome house near the park."

Miss Lowe looked amiably interested, having nothing particular to say.

"There are times," continued the lady, pathetically, "when I feel very lonely. When poor Sir Wilton was alive he kept me continually amused. Really, to quote and alter the saying of a French king, 'a house without a gentleman is like a garden without flowers!'"

Her companion cordially agreed in this; it was a wonderful flight of imagination for Lady Grahame.

"Mr. Fulton said something about calling to-morrow morning," said her ladyship; "but I do not know whether he will. We were speaking of jewels, and he said he had very rare and beautiful opal that he would show me. I forget where it was found, but in some strange place. Do you think pale pink or light blue suits me best? I may as well look nice. We must see about a becoming toilette, my dear,—something elegant, but not too young."

Lady Grahame was in an unusual state of high spirits. She had called that morning upon one of her many dear and intimate friends. The ladies had gone out shopping together, and during the course of their drive they met Mr. Henderson, who introduced his friend, Mr. Fulton, to Lady Grahame.

Mr Fulton was, or seemed to be, charmed with her. He offered her more homage, more compliments, and more delicate flattery than she had ever received before. After he left them, Mrs. Henderson told her how often Mr. Fulton had expressed a wish to know her "elegant and graceful friend, Lady Grahame."

"I think," said Mrs. Henderson, "you have made a conquest, Lady Grahame. Mr Fulton is said to be immensely rich. I never saw a man with such a flow of spirit and eloquence."

"Is he one of the Fultons of Hexham?" asked Lady Grahame.

"I know nothing of his family," was the reply, "Mr. Henderson met him at the banquet given in honor of the Prince Rissentour, and he was quite charmed with him. I assure you, several ladies of my acquaintance would be proud to make such a conquest."

Lady Grahame was delighted. Not that a lover was a novelty, for her pleasing person and comfortable jointure had attracted many, but something or other interfered with each of them. One was too old, another only sought her for her money, a third was too dissipated, a fourth could not agree over settlements; and, in sober earnest, Lady Grahame cared for none of them.

But she was quite pleased with the homage of this handsome *debonnair* man, whose careless smiles and words were so full of life and humor, and Lady Grahame returned home in a perfect flutter of spirits; for he had asked permission to call on the morrow, to show her the wonderful opal about which he told such a strange, interesting story.

The morrow came, and Lady Grahame's maid found it very difficult to please her; but when the toilette was completed she acknowledged it to be a perfect success. Every good point in her figure and face was made the most of and every defect was concealed. Lady Grahame smiled as she gave a long lingering look at the mirror; Miss Lowe was seen to look unusually tired when the ceremony was over.

It was a bright May day; the windows of the pretty drawing-room were open; the soft warm breeze was laden with the fragrance of mignonette, Lady Grahame's favorite flower. The blinds were skilfully arranged, so that a beautiful rosy light came from the silken hangings. It was really a pretty picture; and Lady Grahame, in her effective toilette, was pleasant to look upon.

"I will not read, my dear," she said, when Miss Lowe suggested a book. "It makes me so sleepy and stupid. Give me that purse I am netting; you can read it aloud if you choose."

But not one word did Lady Grahame hear; her thoughts were all upon the visitor, whose coming she anticipated so anxiously. It was long since a blush of real pleasure had flushed her face, but there was one when she heard a loud and very imperative knock at the door. Her hand almost trembled when she rose to greet her admirer.

As Mr. Fulton stood there in the subdued light of the sun he looked a handsome man. The careless, *debonnair* expression was still on his face, and the easy, graceful, languid manner had not deserted him. He was the same man that beneath the shade of the woods of Brynmar had wooed Magdalen Hurst to her fate. There was no trace of that sad, passionate love story in his calm face; no trace of the felon's dock, the convict's cell, or the outlaw's doom. Bland and calm, gay and graceful, he looked like the Stephen Hurst who so many years ago was Lord Hutton's chosen friend. The past was a dead letter to him; it lay buried in his wife's grave. At times the memory of Magdalen Hurst, with her beautiful face and passionate love came before him, but only to be banished with a contemptuous thought, or a sneering smile at that wondrous love of woman which bears all, and suffers all, and even in death hides all memory of wrong.

He was not troubled with much of that commodity called heart. When he thought of Brynmar woods and the beautiful young girl he had wooed there, it was with an impatient shrug at what he called his own folly.

Stephen Hurst ought to have been a gentleman. His father was one of the bravest and best officers in the English army, and died facing the enemy, leaving his wife and son to lament his loss.

In simple truth, Stephen Hurst broke his mother's heart. Her hopes were all centred in him, she sent him to college, depriving herself of everything, that he might have all. He never did well. His college career was one course of drinking and disorder. He made friends there, for there was some charm about the man that few could resist. His handsome face and gay careless manner, his hearty laugh and genuine good spirits, won for him many friends.

Lord Hutton was one of those who liked him best. When his mother laid down her life, thankful that its troubles were ended, Stephen Hurst lived for a time on the remnants of the fortune his father had left. He was a successful gambler; always winning, seldom losing; and he continued to associate with a fast set of men, and to live as they did.

When he went down with Lord Hutton to Brynmar, Stephen Hurst had nearly come to the end of his purse. Then his downward career was easily accomplished. He married one of the prettiest and best girls in Scotland, and broke her heart. He forged the name of one who had once been his friend, and suffered the penalty of his crime. When he left England—a convict—all hope died out of his heart. He never believed it would be possible to retrieve his position.

Although his associates were the vilest of the vile, Stephen Hurst did not fall into their ways. They laughed at him, and sneered at him, for being what they called a fine gentleman; but he kept aloof from them. At first he was sullen with despair, but hope began to whisper of what he might do when he should once more be free. He was only twenty-nine; in ten years he would still be comparatively a young man. He sent for his wife, but when he saw her, he hated her because his sin and her shame had stricken the fair beauty of youth from her face. He heard of the wonderful gold fields in California, and when the time of his freedom came, he went there, and succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. He amassed a fortune, and returned to England, and his first step was to try to get rid of his beautiful, unhappy wife, who still remained where he had left her.

Then he set to work to re-construct his life. He was afraid of recognition. Of the fast set he had lived with none remained. Lord Hutton was dead, some were abroad, and others had vanished no one knew where.

In seventeen years the world undergoes great changes, and no one could have recognized in the handsome, bearded man, the ex-convict, Stephen Hurst. He took a large house, furnished it magnificently, and made his way in society. He was warmly welcomed there, and no one in London gave better bachelor dinners or kept a more hospitable house. He had but one trouble; the wife he had learned to hate had discovered him; had met him in the public streets, and had cried out his name. To his relief, some months afterwards, there came a letter from her, addressed to him by his newly-assumed name, bidding him farewell, as she had not many days longer to live. He then supposed she was dead, and troubled himself about her no more.

He was free now to retrieve his mistakes, to make for himself another life, for the past was buried. He thought sometimes with a dull wonder of his child, half curious to know if it were living or dead. One thing was necessary to secure his position, and that was a good marriage. He did not want money, but connection. He must marry someone who could establish him securely in good society, and secure for him an *entree* in circles that at present were closed to him. So when he heard of Lady Grahame he knew he had found what he wanted, and set himself to woo and win the pleasant, self indulgent widow.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I HAVE been impatiently awaiting the time when you gave me permission to call Lady Grahame," said Mr. Fulton. "I never found a day and night so long before."

Lady Grahame blushed and smiled. Cool, elegant woman of the world as she was, she did not feel at her ease in the presence of this handsome stranger.

He had brought the wonderful opal, and there was plenty of discussion over it. He did not say how it came into his possession, but it had been taken from the treasured gems of some Indian Rajah. He showed the wondrous gleaming colors, the ever changing tints, the hidden fire that seemed at times to flash ruby red from its depths.

"It should be set in pure, pale gold," said Lady Grahame, admiringly. "I have seen many jewels, but none like this."

"I hope to have it made into a ring," said Mr Fulton, "if ever good fortune should favor my wishes, and I should marry; for that jewel will show to perfection on a fair, white hand."

Lady Grahame involuntarily glanced at her own as he spoke, then blushed as she found his eyes upon her.

There was so much to be said about this wonderful opal, that it was luncheon time before the visit was half ended, and Mr. Fulton accepted Lady Grahame's invitation to join them. He was beginning to fall in love with his own scheme, and the more he saw of the lady, the more sure he felt that she, above all others, was best suited for him.

During the course of conversation, Mr. Fulton found that Lady Grahame seemed to know everyone, and go everywhere, and that the circles he sighed in vain to enter were open to her.

"You have been abroad for many years, I presume?" said Lady Grahame.

"Yes," said Mr. Fulton, quietly. "Many years ago, I went to seek my fortune, and I made it, and I now wish to enjoy it."

"I should imagine the latter to be very easy," said Lady Grahame.

"Not so easy where one is quite alone," he replied sentimentally.

As he spoke there came across him a vision of the beautiful face of his dead wife. Would anyone ever love him again as she had done?

He left Lady Grahame, resolved to win her. If she were his wife, he felt that anything was possible. With her influential connections he might aspire to hold any office. Golden hopes and dreams hovered over him. Rank and position seemed to be within his grasp. His task lay straight before him; he had but to win Lady Grahame, and his life would be one long success.

Considering his naturally indolent, easy loving nature, Mr. Fulton certainly gave himself some trouble in attaining his object. He spared no pains. If Lady Grahame went to the opera, he was sure to be seen in her box. Whatever ball or party she attended, he was invariably present. People began to say, "If you ask Lady Grahame, you must not forget Mr. Fulton; he is her shadow."

Rare and magnificent bouquets found their way to her table, and Miss Lowe's offices became a mere sinecure; but Mr Fulton could not tell if he were making much progress. Lady Grahame was always pleased to see him, and smiled over his bouquets, and enjoyed his conversation; but she gave him no reason to hope that she would ever become his wife.

Innately prudent, now that there was a lover to whom no one could raise any objections, she began to ask herself seriously whether a husband would not sadly interfere with her love of comfort. She could not hope to be the first object of attention in the house if she married. A husband requires much waiting upon, much patience. Was it worth her while to give up freedom, and take upon herself new chains? These thoughts made her pause before accepting Mr. Fulton, or even allowing him to appear as her lover: but it did not dampen his ardor. It was something new and not unpleasing to him to meet with opposition. Magdalen had given her pure young loving heart when he asked for it; she knew nothing of coquetry, its thousand wiles and arts.

Lady Grahame could not have adopted any plan which would have enhanced her value more in his eyes.

He gratified her vanity by seeking her advice; he told her how much he wished to be of service to his country; that he wanted to do something which would make him more worthy of winning a glorious prize. He wanted to purchase an estate that would give him some standing and influence in the country.

It so happened that just at this time, Squire Grenholme, of Grenholme Park near Oulston, died, and the greater part of his property, consisting of land and houses in Oulston, was for sale. Mr Fulton's solicitors told him of it.

The Hall was not to be sold until the death of the squire's widow, now old and infirm, but the other property was to be had at a great bargain. In the course of a few years, when that frail life ended, he could purchase the Hall, and would become, as Squire of Grenholme, a man of position and eminence.

The opportunity was too tempting to be lost. The purchase was concluded, and Mr. Fulton found himself a large landowner, and possessor of numerous houses in the pretty town of Oulston; and when all was arranged he went triumphantly to Lady Grahame, to tell her what he had done.

"You have acted very wisely," she said; "nothing gives one such a good standing as the possession of property. Did you say Oulston? Lord Bayneham's estate is somewhere near there, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Fulton, who had carefully ascertained all the "bearings" of his new acquisition. "Bayneham Castle is about six miles from the town. It is the chief place in the neighborhood, I believe."

"I should imagine so," said Lady Grahame, indifferently; "and if you should purchase the Hall, Mr Fulton, and become Squire of Grenholme, you will find them charming neighbors. The Dowager Lady Bayneham is one of my dearest friends. Her son is abroad just now."

"You have so many friends, Lady Grahame!" sighed her admirer. "Is the young earl married?"

"Yes," replied her ladyship; "he married last year one of the loveliest girls in England, they are in Italy, now, I believe. The young Lady Bayneham will be one of our brightest stars. I never met anyone so exquisitely lovely, graceful and refined."

Paul Fulton as he styled himself, rejoiced to hear all this. He saw his way clearly now; and once Squire of Grenholme, husband of the fashionable widow, and near neighbor of the young earl, he should attain the heighth of his ambition.

There came to him no solemn warning; he never thought of this life as of a dream from which he must some day awaken, of this world as of a scene that must pass away. His god was mammon, and he served it right well.

As time wore on, the fears that had slightly disturbed him passed away. No one recognized him. He met one of his old boon companions, who looked in his face and knew him not. He felt safe; there was no one living who could connect the fashionable man of the world Paul Fulton, with the convict, Stephen Hurst. He grew proud of his respectability, and wondered how he could ever have been so blind and foolish as to fall into the depths of disgrace. He was now scrupulously honest and upright in all his dealing, hospitable, gay, generous, and universally popular. He would rather have died any death than have undergone the shame of having his former career made known. He placed an almost absurd value on the esteem of his fellow men.

It was at his Club that Bertie Carlyon made the acquaintance of Mr. Fulton. They

became friends in some degree, although there was but little in common between them. Bertie was gifted, and, what is more rare, he was industrious. His works were eagerly read by the thoughtful men of the day. He was courted alike by wise men and beautiful women; for that Paul Fulton sought him. He was a rising man, whom to know was a great honor. So they dined together occasionally, met at their Club and discussed passing events, all unconscious of the tragic link that bound them.

From Bertie Carlyon, as from Lady Grahame, Paul Fulton heard warm praises of the young earl's wife. He thought much of his neighbors who were to be, when he was Squire of Granhome. He was, in his indolent, lazy way, anxious to see the beautiful young countess, of whom all the world spoke, and spoke well. To Mr. Fulton Bertie confided his intense desire of entering into parliamentary life.

"The borough of Oulston returns one member," said Mr. Fulton, "and from all the rumors floating now, I should imagine the country to be on the eve of a general election. I had some thoughts of offering myself as a candidate; but I tell you what, Mr. Carlyon, introduce me to your friend, Lord Baynecham, and we will try if you cannot be returned as the liberal member from Oulston. I have some influence there, you know."

Bertie Carlyon grew intimate with and even liked, the gay, good humored man, who seemed so anxious to further his interest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Valentine's Day.

BY ELLEN SHAFER.

THE Raymond's lived at No. 9 Wood Terrace.

The family consisted of father and mother, a very worthy couple, two pretty grown daughters, Minnie and Katie, and lovely Jessie Walsh, Mrs. Raymond's youngest sister, better known as "Aunt Jessie."

They lived very happily together, and now that Valentine's Day had come, it was the sole topic of conversation.

Katie and Minnie were having an animated discussion about it, and to clinch some point Kate remarked she would appeal to Aunt Jessie.

"Aunt Jessie!" said Minnie. "Surely you will not ask her, Kate? She is superior to such trifles. You must be mad."

"No, I am not," said Katie, shaking her head; "not quite ready for an asylum yet, but why should not auntie talk about valentines, lovers, or any such things? She is young enough, I'm sure."

"I know she is not very old," replied the grave Minnie; "not more than twenty five, I am sure; but she is so quiet and sedate, that in spite of her young appearance, I should not like to tell her any silly girlish nonsense, or ask about the valentines that she has perhaps received."

"Received valentines!" laughed Katie. "Capital! I never thought of that. Of course she must have received some. Only twenty-five, with such hair, eyes, and figure; of course she has had many, and I'll go and ask her about them. 'Come, Minnie!'" And away bounded the lively girl, leaving her sister to collect her work and follow.

"Aunt Jessie, a favor; yes, or no!" said Katie, rushing into the drawing room, and almost upsetting Mrs Raymond, and a matronly-looking basket of work beside her.

"I must first know what it is," was the quiet response, accompanied by a kind smile.

"Well, then, I want to know (and Minnie is coming to hear, too) if you ever had a valentine, and what it was like, and whether you——"

"Kate, be quiet," said gentle Mrs. Raymond; but there was sorrow in her voice now, and the tears filled her eyes as she saw the deep sadness expressed in her sister's face. "Never let me hear you speak of valentines, or in any way refer to the fourteenth of February. How could you do so? But then you do not know the deep sorrow that ——. Leave the room, girls."

"No, don't send them away," said Miss Walsh, "perhaps it is as well that they should hear the story of my past life. They must know it some day, and it is better they should hear it from my own lips than those of any one else. Come here, my dears," and Aunt Jessie drew the frightened girls towards her. "You did not mean to recall sad memories and grieve me, but listen and you shall hear my story.

"There were six of us altogether, two girls and four boys, and I was very much younger than the others, and on that account became the pet of the family. We lived in a large rambling country house with our father, for grandmamma died when I was quite a child.

"There were no other girls of our own station in the neighboring village, and indeed but few agreeable families near us, so that we lived a very quiet life, with an occasional friendly visit from Dr. Norton or Mr. Woodward, the rector of the place.

"We had no good school there, so my father engaged governesses for your mamma and myself, and persuaded the rector, who was well fitted for the task, to take the boys.

"Time passed on very happily; for, loving our governesses, we liked the schoolroom, that bugbear of so many children, and after lessons came the long walks and rambles over the hills with our merry brothers.

"My father was very particular about his children's associates, and there was only one boy in all the village with whom he cared to see them. I do not mean to say that he chose their associates for them; he was too wise in his management of boys to do that; but he gave the *entree* of the house to Harry Norton only, and was always glad to see him. Fond of his companions and proud of this favor, Harry was often with us. Indeed he dined at our house more frequently than at home.

"Thus things went on until I was nearly sixteen. Harry was then in his twenty-first year, and was going to Australia for a couple of years, in order to take possession of some property which he inherited in right of his mother. I remember as well as possible how he looked when he came to give us this information.

"Harry was to set out on the morrow, and that day, too, was my birthday. 'How provoking!' we all cried; but 'he must go,' his father said, and with many kind wishes and promises not to forget, we bid him adieu.

"I do not think you know that my birthday is on Valentine's Day, but so it is, and that is one reason why your mamma did not wish you to mention it before me.

"My sixteenth birthday dawned in unclouded splendor, and some time after breakfast a letter was put into my hands in Harry Norton's handwriting. Guess my surprise and pleasure on opening it, to discover a pretty valentine, the first I had ever received; but this was not all, an elegant volume of poetry accompanied it. I was young and light hearted then, therefore you will not laugh at my dancing about the room for the whole morning, reading snatches of my book.

"My seventeenth birthday drew near, and I was brought out, mingling with the busy world I had before viewed at a distance. I had little time for thought, but Harry was not forgotten. Often did I institute a comparison between him and the silly butterflies that fluttered round me. I was teased with flatteries and nonsense, compelled to listen to rubbish and false sentiment, when I longed for a sensible conversation.

"On my birthday, as if to save me from the vain throng by which I was surrounded, Harry sent me an offer of marriage. 'He had loved me for years,' he said, 'but had waited until now. Would I accept him, and could I be content with the small income a year his Australian property would yield him?' Accept him, yes, that I would gladly.

"My eighteenth birthday came, and I was expecting a letter from Harry. We had corresponded for a year, and now he was expected home. We were sitting at breakfast on the fourteenth, when a servant brought in the letters and papers. My father hastily divided them, and I soon devoured my little heap. Notes, containing silly nothings, invitations, circulars, were quickly hurried over. Then came the one, I read it through, and my father, who was watching me, must have seen my heightened color, for he suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, what is the matter, Jessie? Has Harry run away into the bush, or picked up a monster nugget at the diggings?'

'Oh, no, papa,' I said, 'but he is coming home; let me read you this part:

"'I am now on my homeward voyage, dearest Jessie. We sailed from from Adelaide in the Garda, and I hope to be with you before the fourteenth. The vessel by which I send this from the Cape is not very swift, so that I shall be with you almost as soon as my letter.'

"'Bravo!' said my father, 'perhaps he may be here to day; see if you can find the ship's arrival in the papers. I will also look at one.'

"Now, I knew that Harry could not reach us until at least a day after the vessel's arrival; but I had not thought of looking in the papers before my father proposed it. I seized the paper, and my keen sight found the ship news long before my father had discovered it. No, the ship was not mentioned there, and I feel sick with disappointment; but further down my eyes caught the word Garda, and in a minute more I had read the fatal paragraph. The news burst into my brain like fire.

"'We have to record the melancholy intelligence of the wreck of the Garda from Adelaide, with a valuable cargo of gold, and passengers, off the Island of Ascension, on her homeward voyage. Although but half a mile from shore, the violence of the storm rendered assistance impossible, and all on board perished.'

"I knew no more. For three weeks my life was despaired of, and when I recovered I was but the wreck of the once happy girl I had been. Old scenes became distasteful to me, and I spent two years in traveling from place to place. My father died before I came of age, and I have since, as you know, resided here."

The dark page was unfolded, the tale was finished, and Aunt Jessie, with the calmness which only repeated prayer can give, kissed the weeping girls, and thanking them for their sympathy, glided from the room.

Time sped on, though not so quickly as Katie could wish; still on it went, and Valentine's Day came at last, and a very happy day it was; for some folks, whoever they might be, had not been unmindful of our fair girls, as two valentines would show, if you could but peep into their sanctum.

Aunt Jessie was not seen on that day. She always spent her birthday in her room, and noble were the efforts made by that fair girl to conquer rebellious feeling, and strengthen faith. None knew what passed in that chamber, but renewed peace was sure to follow this silent communing.

A visitor was ushered into the drawing room that evening—a fine noble looking man. Bowing to Mrs. Raymond, he said, "Pardon me, madam, it is Miss Walsh I wish to see. She resides here, I believe."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Raymond, hesitating, "but she sees so little company, and to day——"

"Indeed I must see her, madam, immediately, and alone," said the stranger, rather impatiently.

"Jessie," said Mrs. Raymond, gently knocking at her sister's door, "there is a gentleman down stairs who wishes to see you immediately. The room is not very bright, so you need not stay to arrange your dress."

A light step was soon heard on the stairs, and Jessie, pale and troubled, entered the room.

"You wish to see me, sir," said she; "but I do not think I have the pleasure of knowing you."

"Not know me, Miss Walsh," said the manly voice. "Come to the light and look at me."

She did so, and there saw the same dark eyes gazing into hers that had haunted her in her dreams. A wild shriek followed; but ere others could reach the room that tall figure came out, bearing the senseless girl in his arms.

It transpired that Harry had been picked up at sea by the crew of a South Sea whaler; and not having met with any homeward-bound vessel, had been compelled to continue with them during the fishing season, but was wrecked on his return home on the western coast of Africa, where, amongst the savages, he had only, after several years' absence, been recently rescued by a man of war, sent thither to intercept the slave trade.

In the early spring there was a wedding at Number Nine, with Jessie for the bride, and Harry for the bridegroom. The cloud which had rested on the bride's face for years, had disappeared, and you could scarcely recognise in the happy laughing girl the sad Aunt Jessie. Last Valentine's Day repaid her for all her previous sorrow.

THE TEETH.—The Greek women neglected no opportunity of displaying the beauty of their teeth. Like our modern belles, they know how to disclose, by a seasonable smile, two rows of teeth. They were also accustomed to hold a sprig of myrtle between the pearls, for the purpose of exhibiting their regularity to the view of their enchanted admirers. The Roman ladies were exceedingly proud and careful of their teeth, and they used a perfumed dentifrice to preserve them; and the women of other countries have used similar means to prevent their decay. There are many curious customs in relation to teeth in different countries. Some barbarous nations draw the two teeth in the middle of the jaw. The sable females of Africa go still further, and one of the charms they are most solicitous to acquire is to have four teeth deficient—two above and two below. The woman who would want the courage to have them drawn would be as much despised as a young girl in China with feet of the natural size. These are not the only whims in connection with extracting teeth. What would the ladies of America think of painting their ivory teeth black? This custom prevails among the Siamese, who stain their teeth with a sable varnish which they renew annually. Some years ago, all Germany was in commotion in relation to a rumor that a child had a golden tooth. Of course it was an eye tooth, and everybody wanted to see it. The literati were exercised over the phenomenon. Philosophers and anatomists wrote essays and large volumes on the possibility of the event, and each ascribed the freak of nature to a different cause. But somehow or other, not one of them ever thought of examining the tooth. If they had, they would have found that a shrewd impostor had covered it with leaf gold, with a view to exhibit the child as a prodigy. The tooth was subsequently examined, and the trick of the showman was discovered.

At a somewhat fashionable party, a young man approached a table for the purpose of taking a cup of coffee, as there was no milk at hand, he turned to a lady and said: "Nellie, I wish you would drive the cow in: I want some milk." The response of the lady was: "Wouldn't it be better for me to drive the calf out?"

Fowl or pieces of meat may be kept sweet for almost any length of time by placing a piece of charcoal inside.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

AUSTRALIAN ROSES.—These resemble those of Europe in color only, and are among the few antipodal flowers having any odor at all. Their perfume is very pleasant at a little distance, but upon closer acquaintance a pronounced foxy smell is discovered mingled with the rich odor.

THE FIRST COAL.—Father Hennepin, the missionary, discovered coal in 1669 in what is now Ottawa, Ill., and this appears to be the first record of the finding of coal in America, but it was not mined until nearly a century and a half later. In 1813 five arkloads of flinty coal were floated down the Lehigh river and sold in this city at $31 per ton.

AMENDE HONORABLE.—This originated in France in the ninth century. It was first an infamous punishment inflicted on traitors and sacrilegious persons; the offender was delivered into the hands of the hangman; his shirt was stripped off, a rope put about his neck, and a taper in his hand; he was then led into court, and was obliged to pray pardon of God, the king, and the country. Death or banishment sometimes followed. *Amende honorable* is now a term used for making recantation in open court, or in the presence of the injured party.

IRON.—It was found on Mount Ida by the Dactyles, owing to the forests of the mount having been burnt by lightning 1432 B. C. The Greeks ascribed the discovery of iron to themselves, and referred glass to the Phœnicians; but Moses relates that iron was wrought by Tubal Cain. Iron furnaces among the Romans were unprovided with bellows, but were placed on eminences with the grate in the direction of the prevailing winds. British iron was first cast in Sussex, in 1543. Iron-mills were first used for slitting iron into bars for smiths in 1590. Tinning of iron was first introduced from Bohemia in 1681.

THE HINDOO THIEF.—The Hindoo thief's manner of scaling walls is very ingenious. It is by means of a huge lizard which he carries with him in his nocturnal rambles. The process is as follows: The lizard, which is perhaps a yard in length, with great claws and flattened feet and suction powers like those of a fly, is made fast to the thief by a tough cord tied to its tail. When the thief is pursued and comes in his hasty flight to a wall, he quickly throws his lizard over it, holding fast to the other end of the cord. By means of its suction powers the lizard fastens himself to the wall on the opposite side, and the thief draws himself to the top and jumps lightly down. By choking the lizard it is made to release its hold.

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.—These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage eight inches thick, by another set of eggs upon that and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of human enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence.

A PRAYING MACHINE.—This is in vogue among the Tartars. Some content themselves with taking a walk round the convent, rolling all the while between their fingers the beads of their long chaplet, or giving a rotary movement to a kind of praying machine, which turns with incredible rapidity. This instrument is called a "turning prayer;" and it is common enough to see them fixed in the bed of a running stream, as they see then set in motion by the water, and going on praying night and day, to the special benefit of the person who has placed them there. The Tartars also suspend these convenient implements over their domestic hearths that they may be put in motion by the current of cool air from the opening of the tent, and so twirl for the peace and prosperity of the family.

ICELANDIC PEASANTRY.—The Icelandic peasantry are lazy to the last conceivable degree, revoltingly dirty in their persons and habits, very curious, devoid of all notions of delicacy and propriety, thoroughly selfish and mercenary. "No power on earth can divert an Icelander from his accustomed ways." They think no scenes in any country can equal in beauty some of their valleys which chance to have a little green grass and a few stunted trees. The universal mode of salutation, at meeting and parting, is a loud kiss. The peasant kisses the daughters of the magistrate, and they kiss him in return. The pastor is also kissed on Sunday after service, by all his flock. In short, a kiss in Iceland is equivalent to our hand shaking; yet the people are all honest. There is no prison on the island; there are no criminals, no locks, bolts or bars; though drunkenness is a very common vice.

SIDE BY SIDE.

BY A. B. G.

Side by side they grow,
My lily and my rose—
One bendeth low her modest head,
The other, dressed in blushing red,
With conscious beauty glows.

Together side by side
They drink the self-same dew,
And woo the self-same sun's caress,
And yet each wears a different dress
In texture and in hue!

My kingly rose saith not
Unto the lily weak,
"Because you have a fairer face
Than I, yours be a humble place,
The lot of all the weak."

My lordly flower, although
His tree is strong and high,
Disdaineth not to shield from harm
My lily, with its branching arm,
Lest she should fade and die!

Side by side they bloom,
My lily and my rose,
Beauty and strength, and love and grace
Combined, content, each in its place
In perfect union grows!

My Youngest Daughter.

BY F. B. ST. JOHN.

MY LORD SEABORNE was a widower with three daughters, two by his first and one by his second wife, both of whom had departed from this world leaving these children almost infants. They were now either young women or approaching that age which entitles them to step forth on the boards of life and become members of society.

At all events, this was the case with two, who, though not wholly out of the hands of the governess, were old enough to receive visitors, appear at dinner parties, and other social reunions.

Maud and Margaret were very handsome girls, promising, in fact, to be superb women, like their mother had been, and they were as truly accomplished as they were beautiful. They were very popular in the county, had very large dowries, but, strangely enough, neither of them had as yet made any selection with a view to an establishment in life.

Ethel, the youngest, was under sixteen, one of those witching little fairies, with golden hair, blue eyes, and a delicate complexion, who notoriously play such prodigious ravages with the human heart. But Ethel was in the nursery, as it were, kept out of view on all state occasions, and spoken of always by the earl as "my youngest daughter." In reality, she was kept in the background by the secret influence of her sisters.

But to have acted in any way that might have roused rebellious feelings on the part of the beautiful girl would have been to the last degree unwise, for they knew that she was the pet of the old man, the very apple of his eye.

He loved them all. But James Earl of Seaborne had married the mother of his two elder daughters to please himself. When the bright vision of his soul's love took her winged flight from earth, in his secret heart of hearts he took Ethel to himself, and more than loved her.

He concealed his favoritism as much as possible, but it was not within the power of human nature to hide it altogether.

Ethel would walk with her father in the park, would penetrate the sanctum where he wrote and read, see him when she pleased, but she had no official position in the house. When visitors came she disappeared, and retired to the privacy of her apartments with Mrs Danvers, her governess.

This lady acted also in the same capacity for the other young ladies, so far as music and drawing went, but her favorite was the little one, on whom she lavished all the instruction she was able to impart. And Ethel returned her affection, loving her as she might have done a mother.

"My dears," said my lord, after scanning a letter over carelessly—they were all at breakfast, governess included—"I have a letter from Edward. He is coming down on Tuesday for the shooting, and will bring with him his friend, Lovison, as usual."

"I'm so glad," cried Ethel, clapping her hands together. "Dear Edward!"

"But dear Edward," continued her father, with an indulgent smile, "is a cool fellow. He's going to bring down the young Duke of Staunton, the hero of the season, the wonderful matrimonial prize of the year."

"Ethel," interrupted Maud, with a look of meaning at the father. "I think it is time for you to retire to the schoolroom."

With something of a pout, which ended in a laugh as she kissed her father, Ethel retired in company with her governess.

"You know, papa," said Maud, who was twenty, "you should not talk on such topics to the child."

"The child will be sixteen in a few days," replied the earl, gravely, "and cannot be kept in the schoolroom much longer."

"At all events, it is quite time enough to put silly ideas in her head," remarked Margaret, who was over eighteen. "So the duke is coming here. Edward, in his last letter, told me what a wonderful fellow he was. 'so affable,' he said, 'so courteous,' 'such a perfect gentleman.'"

"I believe he is all that. His father was a noble specimen of his class. You must tell Mrs. Walters to give him the royal chamber. He is rather used to magnificence," added the earl, with a laugh.

And taking his letters and newspapers, he retired to his room.

The girls were silent a moment. Both were thinking. We have said they were ambitious, but certainly neither of them had as yet ventured on such wild notions as captivating a duke, with a rent-roll superior to most German princes, and with a handsome person to set off his other advantages.

It was suspected by some that Margaret had a slight inclination for the Hon. Edward, who was heir to the earldom, but there was no definite arrangement on the subject.

The young ladies the next day were in the drawing-room, expecting the summons to luncheon, when a carriage drove up to the door, and there alighted the Hon. Edward Calthorpe, a tall, rather muscular young man, with broad shoulders, brown hair and whiskers, and eyes that spoke, at a flash, honesty and good humor.

His companion was of smaller build, delicate but not effeminate, with a slightly olive complexion—his mother had been an Italian princess—and very dark hair and moustache. His bearing was that of a perfect gentleman, with no tinge of haughtiness in his manner.

The two were speedily ushered into the drawing-room, where the Hon. Edward met with a most warm and cousinly reception.

"My dear girls," he said, after a moment, "this is my best friend, my college chum, my companion in travel and adventure, the Duke of Staunton, whom I call George."

The duke bowed with a smile that was most becoming, and Maud thought she had never before seen perfection in man. She did not actually what is called fall in love with him on the spot, but she at once felt the singular influence of his winning manners, his conversation, and eloquent voice.

Edward turned his attentions chiefly to Margaret, who, however, every now and then cast furtive glances at the duke, who was apparently completely absorbed in her sister.

"And where is the earl?" suddenly asked the nephew. "I am quite remiss in my inquiries and where is darling Ethel?"

"Papa," replied Margaret, a little sharply, "is out for a ride; yonder he comes. As for Ethel, she is, of course, in the schoolroom."

"Poor Ethel," laughed Edward, "locked up with her governess. Does she still play her hoop and make dolls' clothes?"

"I am not initiated in the mysteries of the school room," replied Margaret; "you can see and judge for yourself."

"Welcome home, my boy," said the hearty voice of the earl, who loved and respected his heir and successor, "and welcome heartily, my lord duke. Your name is no strange one in my house. Your father, years ago, was my friend."

"I know it well," responded the young man, warmly, "and I hope you will extend the same kindness to the son. I hope to see you often at Staunton."

Mutual compliments and acknowledgments passed, and then luncheon was announced, and the duke, and Maud, Edward, and Margaret, followed the earl into the dining room, where a rich repast awaited them.

After luncheon, as in duty bound, the earl proceeded to show his guests the picture gallery, the grounds, the stables, and in this review he was aided by his daughters. The Hon. Edward had left on rising from the tables, and made his way in the direction of the schoolroom.

"Edward has not seen his little cousin for some months," said Maud, apologetically. "He is very kind to her and pets her awfully."

"It is something to have anyone to pet," replied the duke, gravely. "I am an orphan, and never had any near relations."

A very pleasant walk it was—at all events, to Maud, who every moment saw some fresh good quality in the wealthy and accomplished nobleman.

Meanwhile, the Hon. Edward Calthorpe had reached the more retired part of the house. The door was open, and Ethel was reclining on a couch, reading, while Mrs. Danvers was looking out of the window which overlooked the grounds.

With the lightness of a fawn, Ethel leaped up, and rushed impetuously into her cousin's arms. He smilingly kissed her, and then paid his respects to Mrs. Danvers.

"Your father is right," said the young man, warmly. "You have improved. Quite a little woman. I say, Mrs. Danvers, how long is this farce to be continued?"

Mrs. Danvers frowned, shook her head, and replied:

"Mr. Calthorpe, I am at a loss for your meaning."

"It's no use pretending to be innocent. I want to know how much longer her sisters are going to keep Ethel in the background. They treat her just like Cinderella or a cloistered nun!" he cried.

"Now, Mr. Edward," said Mrs. Danvers, "I beseech you, don't put such ideas in the child's head. Miss Ethel is under sixteen; she has not finished her studies as yet, and it would not be wise to distract her attention by a too early introduction into society."

"Perhaps not," he said, anxious to do no harm, "but she shall not be quite a prisoner. There can be no objection to our old trips before breakfast. A pony ride or a row on the lake can do no possible harm—especially before anyone else is up."

The bright flush on the girl's face, the happy expression in her eyes, the joyous way in which she clapped her hands, was enough. What woman with a heart—and Mrs Danvers was essentially a good and gentle woman—could refuse? And so, before those two parted, a rendezvous was arranged for seven in the morning on the lake.

Then the Hon. Edward Calthorpe returned to the general party, and presently he and the duke retired to dress for a grand dinner, to which several of the country magnates were invited.

It was a proud moment for Maud, when she went in to dinner, before some of her most intimate friends leaning on the arm of a duke.

She saw and enjoyed the slightly envious glances of her dearest associates.

In the evening many other persons came, and a dance was organized, and the music, flying to the uttermost ends of the house, set Ethel off in waltzes, and polkas, and quadrilles with imaginary partners.

"I tell you what, Maggie," said the Hon. Edward Calthorpe aside to his cousin. "I consider it a great shame that Ethel should be debarred from amusement so suited to her age. Imagine the poor thing hearing the music, and knowing how we are all enjoying ourselves."

"I tell you what, Edward," replied his cousin, a little warmly, "you are talking nonsense. The idea of putting such notions in a girl's head is absurd. She is a mere child."

"A very beautiful child," he answered, "and one who in a few days will be a glorious woman. Perhaps you do not see it, but I do."

"I suppose we shall have you proposing for my youngest sister soon," said Maggie, in a tone of piqued annoyance.

"My dear Maggie," replied the young man, "you know, or ought to know, where my affections are bestowed, and that I but wait your permission to get my uncle's consent."

Maggie's face flushed, turned pale, and then again beamed with smiles and blushes. He had never gone so far before, and the rapturous delight she felt let her into the full knowledge of a secret she had long suspected. She loved him.

"Poor me!" she faltered.

"Yes. I have never swerved in my affection for you. I am not demonstrative, and all that sort of thing, but I love you very dearly. Still, I cannot but feel for Ethel, who, in the bright and sunny dawn of womanhood, is treated so much like a child. Surely no one is jealous of her rare and singular beauty?"

"My dear Edward," said Maggie, whom happiness made gentle, "your rare enthusiasm about Ethel almost justifies us if we were jealous. But if I am to believe you, I am settled for life."

"You accept me, then?" he replied, tenderly.

"I believe it is papa's wish," she half whispered, as they entered the conservatory, which was deserted by all the others.

"But you shall not give me your hand simply because it is papa's wish," he added. "Will you not say your heart has something to do with it?"

Well, Margaret, after all, was a good, honest girl, and only a little fearful of the power of her half sister's charm, and she not only allowed after some pressing, that she did love her cousin Edward, and was willing to be his true and faithful wife, but agreed to become his ally in befriending Ethel, from whom she, at all events, had nothing to fear now.

Next day Edward, who knew that neither Maud nor Maggie were ever visible before ten, rose soon after six, and wended his way towards the boathouse on the lake, where, as he expected, he found Ethel before him.

She was so elated and joyous that Edward could not but smile.

"How charming you look!" he said, with a glance of genuine admiration; "and I have good news for you, fairy."

"What is that?" she asked, merrily.

"Maggie has promised to be my wife, and at our next ball you are to come out," he said, laughing.

Ethel stared at him, and then herself began to laugh.

"Going to be married," she said. "How glad I am, and I shall be bridesmaid! How nice!"

The Hon. Edward could not restrain his hilarity, but when he had resumed his gravity he proceeded to unfasten the boat, which was chained to a post. As he did so a huge black dog came rushing out, and flying at Edward, began gambolling about Ethel, with a little shriek, stepped back and fell into the water, just as the young duke emerged from the thicket.

Without a word, he who had seen the accident, plunged in, and caught Ethel as she was sinking, before she even had time to lose her senses. In an instant she was on the bank, dripping, beside the dog who had unwittingly caused her immersion.

"My dog is a brute," said the duke, gazing upon her speaking countenance with eager admiration. "I hope, however, that except spoiling your morning row, no harm has been done."

"None," replied Ethel, covered with blushes and confusion. "I am sure the poor fellow did not mean it—don't scold him."

"Bruno is pardoned. But pray think of yourself, Miss ——" and he looked.

"Miss Ethel Calthorpe; 'my youngest daughter,' as the earl calls her—the child, as Maud says. Ethel, this is my very good friend, George, Duke of Staunton."

And so these two were introduced, both only a little the worse for their immersion.

"And now away to the house. Our boating is at an end for to day," added the Hon. Edward; "you will be better for the change of clothes."

There was no help for it but to obey, and though each felt a desire for further acquaintance, the advice was too good not to be obeyed.

"What a charming girl," said the duke, when he was again fully caparisoned for breakfast; "I never saw anyone half so sweet and lovely."

"Except Maud," said Edward, with something of a smile.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. Your cousin Maud is a lady, a perfect lady, fit to adorn any sphere, but not to be compared to her peerless sister," said the duke, warmly. "Surely they cannot keep her in the schoolroom any longer."

"Not after to-day," said the Hon. Edward, laughing.

And so it proved. There was a conference in the library between the nephew, the uncle, and his daughter Margaret, at the end of which the latter asked her father a great favor. The old man was delighted, little expecting the result.

"My dear Maud," said the earl, "we need make no stranger of the duke, who is in our boy's confidence here. Edward has asked for your sister's hand, and I am most proud and happy to give her to him."

"He will make an excellent husband," was Maud's quiet reply; "and I am sure Maggie will be happy."

"If he's as good a husband as he is a friend," said the duke, "he'll do, I have no doubt."

"Maggie, on this occasion, wishes to please Ethel. She will dine with us to day," continued the father.

But when Ethel entered, and the duke stepped across eagerly, with the sweetest of sweet smiles on his face to greet her, Maud's heart began to fail her.

"I hope you are none the worse for your accident of this morning?" he said, with polite anxiety.

"Eh—what?" cried the earl. "Accident?"

"I did not like to frighten you, papa," was her blushing reply.

"I'll be the historian," said Edward, and at once recorded the event of the morning, at which everybody laughed, save only Maud.

"Then I need not introduce you two," observed the earl; "and as you gallantly rescued my youngest daughter why, you must take her in to dinner—her first appearance in public."

When the visit of the duke was up, the earl, who was delighted with his guest, asked him to give them a week at Christmas.

"A month," replied the duke, warmly, "on one condition."

"And what may that be?" said the earl, with rather a bounding heart.

His daughter Maud, his eldest born, would after all be a duchess.

"My lord, from the first moment I saw I have loved your daughter Ethel," he replied, in a manly tone. "May I have your permission to ascertain her wishes before I go?"

"Ethel!" gasped the earl—"a mere child!"

"A bright and beautiful woman, fit to grace a throne," said the duke, gravely. "Have I your permission, my lord?"

"With all my heart," answered the earl, with a slight choking sensation of the throat.

And when he asked Ethel, who can imagine her joy. Shyly and unconsciously she had loved him, but never dreamed of such reality.

That evening the matter was generally known in the family, and Maud, even, could not avoid congratulating her, she seemed so innocently happy.

And in early spring it came to pass that the Duke of Staunton introduced to society one of the most charming of young duchesses, and put an end to all the matrimonial schemes that were hovering about him.

The earl had never reason to regret the choice of his youngest daughter.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.—There are many well educated people whom nothing can induce to put on a mourning garment when not in black themselves. Everyone knows the origin of the custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east, a custom among Christian nations and adopted at first that, as the Lord is to come in the East, the dead may arise and stand with their faces to Him in the resurrection.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MARCH.

Oh, art thou still the very, very same
Dear friend of mine,
As when we kindled first the sacred flame
On friendship's shrine?

Do no dark doubts or deep corroding fears,
My dearest friend,
No heavy shadows, damp with midnight tears,
Above thee bend?

Or do thy faith, and love, and sacred trust,
Dear friend of mine,
Still free from earth and time's decay and dust,
Around me twine?

For I believe if e'er a warm heart beat,
My dearest friend,
With truest pulses, making life more sweet
E'en to the end,

It beats within that strong and noble breast,
Dear friend of mine;
Oh, may I there still hope to find the rest
Which is divine?

Oh, earth is changeful, and hopes decay,
And the winds blow over the sea;
But I am still faithful to you to-day,
If you are so to me.

For friendship yields friendship, and love brings love;
It is just as the seed is sown.
And we heed not the clouds in the sky above,
If no clouds in the heart are known.

And, after wandering weary years
In search of the fount so sweet,
We pause some day with our sighs and tears,
And find it at our feet!

And you cannot think when the soul has found
Her beautiful rest at last,
She would ever give her enchanted ground
For the future—or the past!

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

RIDICULOUS! exclaimed Alfred Charlton's sister. "Attend to your own flirtation with the chaplain's overfed little wife, and leave me to manage mine my own way."

"Rislip has taken your advice."

Eleanor only smiled when she saw his lordship and Lucy take their places in the set, so confident did she feel that the next dance would bring him to her side again.

She was mistaken. Her admirer was either piqued, or found something fresh and attractive in the conversation of the innocent, inexperienced girl—always a dangerous fascination to a man half *blase*—and continued by her side long after the cotillion was finished.

Miss Charlton waltzed magnificently, and, like most good dancers, was perfectly aware of the fact. Accepting the hand of a young German officer, she soon forgot the momentary annoyance in the giddy, intoxicating round.

The gentlemen were loud in their admiration, and the beatiful coquette enjoyed her triumph. The ladies were not quite so enthusiastic. The Ogilvies, who never waltzed, pronounced it theatrical; the Hastings looked as if they thought it was improper.

"Beautiful!" murmured Lucy, as the waltzers passed her.

"Would you like to join them?" inquired her late partner.

"Oh, no, my lord," replied the artless girl. "I could not venture—indeed, I could not."

"Perhaps you disapprove?"

A blush, pure and fresh as the color of the opening rose, was her reply.

"I believe that you are right," continued his lordship. "Do you remember Byron's lines?"

"My brother once repeated them to me."

"And did you think that he was right?"

"Pray do not ask me my opinion, my lord. I am too inexperienced to judge."

It was a singular coincidence, but the Earl of Rislip had always entertained a profound dislike to waltzing—that is to say, in any woman he sincerely cared for—although he freely indulged in it himself. This was selfish, no doubt; but men are generally so. An indulgent standard for themselves, and a rigid one for the weaker sex.

Could Miss Charlton have read his thoughts as his lordship drove home from the ball, she not might have felt so secure of her conquest. It is a bad sign when an admirer begins to draw comparisons. His allegiance already wavers; the idol is half displaced from its shrine.

One reason why Lord Rislip had hesitated in declaring himself was doubt whether Eleanor would make the kind and affectionate mother he desired for his child, of whom he was passionately fond. It was the one pure and unalloyed feeling in his nature. He had been an idler, a dreamer himself, and believed it was too late to retrieve the past—many a rich man's excuse for laziness; but Ferdinand: he was to redeem the opportunities his father had lost, be a statesman, direct the destinies of the country, bequeath a name to England and the world.

How many parents are there in the world who, conscious of talents wasted, opportunities neglected, resolve to make a vicarious atonement to posterity in their children?

Those of our readers who are fond of jumping at conclusions must not run away with the idea that, because his lordship admired Lucy, he was over head and ears in love with her. Far from it, if his contast is to be a test of his feelings. True, he called at the hotel—etiquette required that he should do after dancing with her; but his visit was a brief one, and the acquaintance might be ended, had not circumstances occurred to throw them repeatedly into contact with each other.

The garden of the Black Eagle was divided by the canal from the public walk of Schwineberg, called—heaven knows why or wherefore—the English Garden. It was a mere wilderness of a place, little frequented except by nursery-maids, with their charges, and the dragoons of the grand ducal regiment, who found time hang heavy on their hands, and came there to indulge in little sentimental flirtations, the great resource against *ennui* and idleness.

Madame von Pishert and her *proteges* were taking their usual morning walk on the banks of the dodgy, sleepy canal, when screams from the opposite side attracted their attention. A child had fallen in, and the nurse and the great lubberly German she had been flirting with stood calling for help.

"Go in," cried the girl in English.

The soldier hesitated, possibly from fear of spoiling his uniform.

"My lord will reward you handsomely."

Whilst the valiant dragoon, with that deliberation peculiar to his countrymen, was slowly making up his mind, Lucy sprang into the water—thanks to her cousin's education she could swim—and, drew the half-drowned boy safely to land.

"Poor little fellow!" exclaimed Madame Pishert. "I fear he is dead."

"I will come round for him, miss," cried the nurse.

Without paying the slightest attention to either of the speakers the brave girl ran with her insensible burden to the hotel, stripped him, with the assistance of Hannah, and placed him in bed.

The waiting-maid recollected what she had been directed to do in Lucy's own case, and began chafing the limbs vigorously; the nearest medical aid was sent for; and just as the distracted father, who had the intelligence, staggered into the room, his son gave signs of returning animation.

"Do not agitate yourself, my lord," said Lucy; "The danger is past."

"Papa! dear papa!" faintly murmured the child.

Lord Rislip sank into a chair.

"Go to your chamber," said Madame Pishert, who made her appearance with a fresh supply of hot blankets, "and change your dress at once, or I shall have you to nurse."

"There is no fear."

"Go at once, I insist," added the kind but eccentric woman.

"Angel!" ejaculated his lordship as Lucy disappeared.

As Madame von Pishert, nee Creech, could not tell to whom the epithet was addressed she very properly took it to herself and smiled graciously.

Hannah thought she had some right to it too.

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the latter, when it was exclaimed to her that the learned Professor Shlickenheim proposed a tisan of violet flowers for his patient. "Hot wine whey."

Whilst the Herr was translating the recommendation to the man of science, and listening to his objections, Hannah quietly administered it; and shortly afterwards the little sufferer fell into a profound sleep.

When he awoke he saw his father and several strangers by the side of his bed. For several moments he regarded them with wondering eyes as if to try to recollect what had passed.

"Don't be angry, papa, with nurse," he said at last. "It was all my fault. She told me not to go too near the water; but I would go, and fell in. I remember it now."

"And for this lady you would have died," replied the peer.

The boy looked at Lucy very earnestly, smiled in her face, then stretched forth his arms to be kissed. "I like you," he said, as his preserver leant over him and pressed her lips to his cheek. "But what are you crying for?"

"Joy, Viscount."

"Call me Ferdinand."

"I will if you wish it."

"I do wish it," replied the little fellow with great earnestness. "It is a much prettier name than viscount. That's all very well for servants and people I don't care about, but those I love call me Ferdinand."

"You must not fatigue yourself," observed his father anxiously.

"Oh, I am not at all tired, papa; only see how strong I am."

He attempted to raise his head from the pillow, but sank back through weakness.

As the medical man pronounced a decided opinion against the removal of their patient, a second bed was placed in the room for Lord Rislip, who would on no account be separated from his son.

In a very few hours the narrow escape of the great English lord's son from drowning was generally known to all the inhabitants of Schwineberg. The grand duke sent his chamberlain with congratulations, the equerry of the grand duchess followed, and next the inquiries of the "adopted sister."

The Charltons were the last of the English residents who heard of it. The colonel had received letters from his agent; his daughter had been deeply engaged all the morning with a new French novel, and "not at home." It was not till her brother returned from the Circle that she was informed of it.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"Don't tease, Alfred," said his sister; "can't you see I am engaged. Some ridiculous folly."

"Not this time."

Miss Charlton shrugged her shoulders with an air of pretty impatience.

"Oh, just as you please," added the young man in a tone of indifference as he turned to quit the room. "I am not anxious to impart it. No affair of mine. You will hear it no doubt in time. Only don't blame me."

"Well, what is it? Do be quick, I am in such an interesting passage."

"Nothing, pray read on, wouldn't disturb you for the world. As you say, some ridiculous folly, no doubt," he continued, trying to mimic her tone.

The curiosity of the lady was excited, and she insisted on him explaining himself.

"The little viscount has been nearly drowned."

"Is that all?"

"It would have been all, if Lucy Beacham had not heard the cries of the nurse, and plunged into the canal to save him."

Miss Charlton started.

"Everyone is enthusiastic in her praise."

"And where did it occur?"

"In the canal which divides the wilderness they call the English Garden from the Black Eagle Hotel. Clever girl, she carried the boy there. Rislip is with them. Quite a family party! gratitude! you understand, and all that kind of thing."

"When did you hear this?"

"About three hours since."

His sister muttered a word which sounded something like "treachery," and closing her novel with a snap, rose and quitted the room. But whether she meant that Alfred had been treacherous in keeping the news from her, or fortune had played her a trick, we must leave our readers to decide.

"Back the little filly against her with all her tact and experience," muttered her brother as she disappeared. "Women are fools, and imagine all bait alike. Can't make them understand that the worm the hungry gudgeon seizes with avidity, fails to tickle the palate of the delicate trout. Rislip is a trout," he added emphatically, "and a devilish difficult one; wish she may hook him all the same. Capital livings in his gift."

Two hours later, which had been judiciously employed at her toilette, Eleanor Charlton in a most becoming morning dress, ravishing bonnet, her eyes suffused with tears, rushed unannounced into the room at the Black Eagle where the rescued child was still sleeping. She was a clever person, and in the artificial rarely made a false step, but in the natural, the feeling, and affectionate, over-acted the part. A great artiste out of her line.

"Hush!" said Madame von Pishert sharply; "no noise!"

The earl looked annoyed.

"Is he safe?" continued the artful coquette. "Let me see him, fold him in my arms, the dear, sweet boy. Bless you, Lucy; bless you for your *boldness*—and courage," she added. "I should never have dared to act as you have done."

"Would you have left him to drown?" demanded old Hannah bluntly.

"I should have been distracted."

"And a great deal of good that would have done," muttered the waiting-maid.

"Silence!" said her mistress. I detest scenes and sensations."

"I am very foolish where my feelings are concerned," continued the visitor, not quite satisfied with her success. "What would they have been had we lost him?"

"*My* loss," said his lordship, with a marked emphasis upon the *my*, "would have been terrible. I can only thank you for your sympathy."

"The dear motherless boy!" ejaculated Eleanor. "Let him be removed to my house. I will watch over him."

"The medical men have forbidden his removal for the present," interrupted the peer, greatly annoyed; "for a day or two at least."

"You will let me know how he progresses?"

"If you desire it."

"And send for me if he should ask for me?"

His lordship could scarcely repress a smile, knowing how cordially his son disliked her.

As Madame von Pishert did not press her to remain, Lord Rislip conducted the lady to her carriage, and returned to the chamber with a far more cheerful expression of countenance than when he quitted it.

"Is she gone, papa?" asked Ferdinand, opening one of his eyes.

"Yes, darling. Were you awake?"

"All the time, papa."

"And never thanked her!"

"I should not have minded thanking her," replied the boy, "but I was afraid she would kiss me."

"Fie, Ferdinand!" said his father playfully. "Object to a lady's kiss!"

"That depends, papa. She never kisses me unless you are in the room."

His lordship asked no further questions, but seemed lost in thought.

Madame von Pishert smiled.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALTHOUGH, thanks to the friendship of Tom Briarly and the kindness of Mr. Quarl, Frank Beacham had no longer occasion to strut and, in his case literally, to fret his hour upon the stage, his connection with the theatre was not entirely severed; a chain so light that he scarcely felt its weight, whose links were of the finest gold, drew him every night to the stage-door of Covent Garden to accompany Lizzie Noel to her home. Somehow he could not rest unless he knew that she was safe, had seen her to the door of her humble lodgings. Sometimes he would enter and gossip with the old musician, her father, who seemed to take pleasure in his society; then hurry back again and sit at his desk copying law papers till daybreak, cheerful and happy as health and youth could make him.

His friend, from whom he had no concealments, frequently accused him of being in love with the simple ballet-girl; but Frank only laughed, pronounced the suspicion absurd, and proved it, so he imagined, by reminding him that he was but twenty.

As the young lawyer did not choose to acknowledge his own feelings towards Lucy at a much earlier age, the reason appeared unanswerable.

Tom Briarly had no dishonorable motives for his silence; on the contrary, they were praiseworthy. He knew that he was entirely dependent upon his relative, Mr. Quarl, who, however kind and liberal in his conduct and modes of thinking, would doubtless pronounce it preposterous for him to think of marriage before being admitted, and possibly even afterwards to a portionless bride.

Not that he suspected the old man of mammon worship.

So he wisely concluded to wait, and after a bitter struggle with his feelings saw Lucy leave England with Madame von Pishert without breathing a word of his passion.

We cannot blame him. And yet it might have been happier for both if he had been more explicit, would have spared them many a heartache.

Up to the period of his quitting Wraycourt Frank had stood in considerate awe of his father; but it was awe without affection. During the two years he had passed in London, he had but once heard from him. They met at last, and the son, although perfect respectful in his manner and conversation, spoke in a tone which greatly irritated Mr. Beacham, from the absence of fear, the spirit of independence he detected in it.

They were seated one evening in the library of Dr. Slop when the following conversation took place between them:

"The doctor tells me he is very dissatisfied with your conduct, Frank," observed his father, speaking in his usual measured, magisterial way.

"Indeed, sir."

"Indeed!" repeated Mr. Beacham.

"I am surprised he has never stated as much to myself. Of what does he complain?"

"Complain is not exactly the word, Frank," interrupted his patron. "Your father has misunderstood me."

"If my father has misunderstood you, sir, I have nothing more to say upon the subject."

"But I am not pleased," added the doctor, determined that his *protege* should not escape the explanation he wished to provoke. "And after all the liberality I have shown."

"The what, doctor?"

"The liberality, which has amounted to——"

"Exactly twenty-six pounds a year," replied the young man coolly. "In return for which I have copied your correspondence, written your speeches, taught you to deliver them. Bread and salt has been dearly earned."

"You forgot the allowance your father made you," observed the man of many characters, coloring slightly.

"That was his liberality, sir. Surely you would not take credit for that?"

"Ungrateful scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Beacham.

"Bad, very bad," said Slop, looking as he supposed greatly shocked.

"After so much kindness."

"Introducing him to society."

"The benefit of his training—care."

"I would have made a man of him."

"He does not even blush," added Mr. Beacham.

"A perverted nature my old friend, a perverted nature. I feel for you."

"Have you ever found me acting dishonorably, Dr. Slop?" demanded Frank, with difficulty repressing the rising spirit of indignation.

"Why, no. Not exactly dishonorably."

"No shifting, sir! no insinuations; but plain yes or no. A truthful man needs no subterfuge."

"No."

"Have you ever detected me in a falsehood?"

"Never."

"Of what, then, do you complain?"

"Of that want of attention, devotion to his interests," said Mr. Beacham, coming to the rescue of the unblushing charlatan, "that after his benevolence to you he had a right to expect. You speak of twenty-six pounds a year. Ungrateful boy! have you forgotten the subscriptions too?"

"They were for his purpose, sir, not mine," interrupted his son.

"The introduction to society."

"Where poverty rendered my position an anomaly. I have no wish to sail under false colors."

"The falsehood is in your own nature."

"Those are hard words, father," replied the young man, "hastily uttered, and I trust you will recall them."

"Never."

"Since you put me on my defence, then," said Frank, "I will speak out plainly, unmistakably. Did you ever ask yourselves how I was to keep up my appearances upon the miserable pittance I received? Shall I tell you how I have done so? By sitting up half my nights and copying law papers, drudgery when I ought to have been learning a profession. I owe this account of myself to you, for I am your son; but I owe neither gratitude nor explanation to Dr. Slop, and since he has expressed himself dissatisfied with my conduct, the sooner the connection between us is sundered the better I shall be satisfied."

"Are you mad?"

"No, I am only recovering my senses."

"What can you do?"

"Better without than with him."

This was a most unexpected *denouement*, and highly embarrassing to both the gentlemen, who had grave and important reasons for keeping Frank in a state of abject dependence. They were perfectly aware of the means by which he had added to his income, and Mr. Beacham flattered himself that a few harsh words would induce his son to give them up.

"You must cease this scribbling for lawyers," he said.

"No, father."

"I insist upon it."

Frank remained silent, not choosing to enter into an unseemly altercation with his parent.

"Consider, my dear boy," added the doctor, "the injury to your health."

His *protege* smiled disdainfully. Contempt for his hypocrisy spoke in his honest face.

"You have made up your mind, then?" said Mr. Beacham sternly.

"I have, sir," answered his son respectfully.

"So, too, have I. From this day forth expect no further assistance from me."

"I shall not require it," replied Frank proudly, "and I thank you for the past. Let us part friends."

He held out his hand, which his father refused to take.

"For my dear mother's sake," added the young man. "You will not? Farewell, sir. May you never live to repent your injustice to me."

And, without condescending to cast a look upon his patron, the speaker quitted the room.

For several minutes after his departure the two men, whose whole lives had been one lie, sat regarding each other in silence. Slop was the first to break it.

"Gone too far," he observed.

"Pshaw!"

"I tell you we have."

"And I tell you there is nothing like resolution," replied Mr. Beacham. His firmness is only momentary. His mother displayed it at first."

His hearer shrugged his shoulders.

"But I soon broke her spirit."

"I am aware you did."

"As I will his," added the perfect gentleman savagely.

"It must be by kindness, then."

"Pah!"

"Or artifice."

"Now you speak reasonably."

"And liberality."

"That should come from you."

"And why from me more than yourself?" demanded Dr. Slop, in the tone of one evidently prepared to argue the point.

"Because you have his services."

"You are his father."

"And you are his guardian," answered Mr. Beacham. "The young fool is clever. You know it, and I know it. He is worth my money to you. Make his allowance fifty."

"I can't afford it. My charities——"

"Pshaw! Don't humbug me."

Slop regarded the speaker earnestly for an instant, and then gave up the attempt. He felt it would be useless. They knew too much of each other.

"It will never do for us to quarrel, Beacham," he observed; "but, on my honor, you judge me hardly. Come, I will meet you half way. Say we give him a hundred a year between us."

"Not another shilling from me," replied the father. "I can't afford it. I have not the resources that you have."

"Nor the position to keep you up."

"Position! Well, I suppose it is one."

The speakers, both heartless men of the world, came to the conclusion that it would be better to wait and watch the turn of events before drawing their purse strings any wider. Frank's resources from copying for the lawyer might fail—poverty will crush the proudest spirit—and Mr Quarl be induced, by a clever appeal, to withdraw his patronage from the friend of his nephew.

"I will see him," said Mr Beacham, "in the morning."

"Are you acquainted with him?" inquired the doctor.

"No."

Had he been, the speaker would as soon have thrust himself into a lion's den as have ventured into the office of the lawyer. He could not even call to mind having heard the name before; and yet they had met, on a most important occasion to one of them.

At present we must decline to state to which.

Tom and his uncle were seated in the private room at Lincoln's Inn Fields, looking over the rough draft of a settlement, when one of the clerks entered with a card.

"Engaged," said his principal testily.

The young man placed it on the table, and was about to withdraw, when Tom Briarly glanced at it.

"Why, it's Frank's father!" he exclaimed.

"Umph!" said Mr. Quarl. "I suppose, then, you wish me to see him?"

"I do, sir. It may be of importance to my friend, and——"

"Show him in—show him in," interrupted his relative.

As we once before had occasion to observe, Mr. Beacham was an exceedingly gentlemanly looking man. His semi-clerical style of dress, gaiters, and white cravat played an important part in the effect he sought to produce on society, and when Tom saw him enter the room, the old feeling of respect came over him. He rose and placed a chair.

"Thank you," said the visitor blandly. "Mr. Quarl, I presume?"

The old lawyer nodded.

"I have called to thank you, my dear sir, for the very kind interest you have taken in my son. It was well-meant—exceedingly well-meant, no doubt; but, unfortunately, the effect has been most unfavorable, as far as his future prospects are concerned."

"Sorry to hear it."

Tom colored indignantly.

"I had placed him with a most distinguished man—a relative."

"Dr Slop!"

Mr. Beacham colored slightly. He had not intended to name him.

"I know the gentleman," added Mr. Quarl, with a most equivocal smile upon his saturnine countenance. "Pray proceed."

"Who had promised to assist him in obtaining a position, for my poor boy is entirely without fortune. To a young man so situated I need not observe the necessity of a strict economy, of abstaining from pleasure, of working his way. Your great kindness to him, I regret to say, has given him the means of dissipation. Of course, you could not foresee the abuse he would make of it."

"It is not true that Frank is dissipated; he works too hard for that," exclaimed Tom Briarly. "Some evil-disposed person has slandered him. His conduct is most exemplary. But you were always unjust to him."

Mr. Beacham felt annoyed and not a little surprised at the accusation so boldly uttered by the boy who used to take off his cap to him so respectfully.

"My dear young friend," he replied, "I saw and deplored Frank's tendencies. You judged him after your own excellent heart."

"And how do you know my heart is excellent?"

"Silence, Tom," interrupted his uncle. "Let me talk to the gentleman."

His nephew said no more, but during the rest of the interview continued to bite the end of his pen savagely.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to hear this sad account of your son," said Mr. Quarl. "His conduct must be a cruel disappointment to you."

"Most cruel."

"And what did you wish me to do?"

"Cease to employ him," replied the unnatural parent.

"Ah!" ejaculated the lawyer.

"Deprived of the means of indulging in his vicious habits," continued his visitor, "I may have some hopes of his reformation, which I despair of otherwise."

"But how is he to live?"

"His allowance from the doctor and myself is amply sufficient for every proper purpose."

"May I inquire the amount?"

This was such an unexpected hit that his visitor hesitated.

"It varies," he faltered.

"A few shillings it possibly may," replied Mr. Quarl; "not more. Your son, Mr. Beacham, is a most excellent young man. Do you suppose that I permitted his intimacy with my nephew without ascertaining his character and conduct? Certainly not. I know not whether you have been deceived by the calumnies of Dr Slop. I trust you have, for I should be sorry to suspect any unworthy, interested motive. It would be horrible, unnatural of a parent. But the tale of Frank's dissipation will not impose upon me. I know it to be false," he added.

Tom Briarly dropped the quill he had been so industriously chewing from between his teeth, looked up into his uncle's face and smiled.

"I cannot think," faltered their visitor, greatly confused.

"Think what you please," said the lawyer with one of his quiet smiles. "I shall continue to employ your son, to allow my nephew to invite him to my house. For, as the senior partner in the firm where I served my articles, old John Largood, used to say—— Dear me, are you ill?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Beacham, who on hearing the name of Largood had started from his chair. "A slight nervous spasm; I am subject to them. It is gone."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Quarl, eyeing him curiously.

"The distress to my feelings at the account I had heard of my poor boy."

"Pained you, no doubt."

"It did, acutely."

"It ought to have done."

"Your opinion," continued Mr. Beacham, "has done much to remove the impression of his misconduct, which is doubly painful in an only son."

The lawyer appeared lost in thought.

"I will see Frank and enter into an explanation with him."

"Do so," exclaimed Tom Briarly, "and I pledge my life that you find him truthful, honest, and sincere. All he asks is to win your confidence and affection; hitherto he has despaired of doing so. May this prove the commencement of a better understanding."

"I trust it may. Good morning."

This was addressed to Mr. Quarl, who took no notice of the salute.

"Good morning," repeated his visitor, regarding him uneasily.

"Eh! Oh, good morning, Mr. Beacham. Should we meet again, I trust it may prove on a more pleasant occasion. Excuse my absence of mind. So much to think of. Most important settlement," he added, pointing to the parchments on the table. "My nephew and I were deep in them when you called."

"They must come easy to you with your experience," observed the gentleman.

"Pretty well! pretty well!" muttered the lawyer with an suppressed chuckle. "I have drawn hundreds in my time."

"You must have an excellent memory to recollect them all."

"All! not half of them, sir not half of them."

Mr. Beacham shook hands with Tom, who felt anything but flattered by his condescension, and withdrew.

Instead of continuing the reading of the parchments, Mr. Quarl, to his nephew's great surprise, commenced a conversation respecting their late visitor, asked all kinds of questions respecting his property, names, of his relatives and connections. It was not much information, however, that Tom could give him.

"Better inquire of Frank, sir," he replied.

"Not at present."

"Nothing wrong, I trust."

"It is difficult to say what is wrong or what is right in this world, where pretence floats upon the surface concealing reasons. I have met that man before."

"Who, sir? Mr. Beacham."

"Mr. Beacham," repeated the lawyer. "It must have been years, many years since, or I should have recollected at once when and where. You saw how he started at the name of Largood."

"I thought it was the spasm, sir," observed Tom, greatly surprised.

"Ah!"

"He said so."

"And do you believe all you hear?" demanded his uncle. "As soon trust to all you see. I don't think he remembered me at first. It was the name of the old firm that struck him. He must have been familiar with it in connection with some settlement. I am certain of that, quite! quite! Mr. Beacham is a clever man, a very clever man—great presence of mind, but he fell into the trap."

"Trap!" repeated his nephew, greatly surprised. "Who laid one?"

"I did."

"You, uncle."

"Yes, and the bait was his own conscience. He only smelt it at first, but will return and nibble at it in time."

"Not a word of this to Frank," he added. "Recollect that the secrets of a lawyer's office, like those of the confessional, are sacred."

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. BEACHAM was one of those men who in great energies are capable of great decision. The interview with Mr. Quarl for some reason alarmed him. He saw the necessity of being reconciled to his son; and having made up his mind to the step, lost no time to carry it out.

From Lincoln's Inn Fields he walked direct to Frank's lodgings near the theatre. It was important to see him before his friend Tom Briarly had described the visit to his uncle and the results.

"Come in," said Frank, startled by a knock at his chamber-door. "You are very punctilious this morning," he added, supposing it to be Wildbird.

"Politeness is the religion of every gentleman," answered a voice sententiously.

The young man looked up from his desk and recognised his father. Although the visit was unexpected, and he foresaw likely to be painful, Frank Beacham did not forget the respect due to his parent, but rose and placed a chair for him.

"You did not expect to see me," said Mr. Beacham.

"Candidly I did not, sir."

"I like that. I have always been a lover of truth, Frank—nothing like it. It is the cement which holds the world together. Society would be disjointed without it. I find I have been cruelly deceived," he added.

His son regarded him firmly but respectfully.

"By Slop," continued the speaker, "the man in whom I placed unlimited confidence, whose reputation for active benevolence——"

"A sham, a vile sham, sir."

"I begin to think so; my poor boy, I begin to think so; but what his motive could have been in deceiving me so cruelly with respect to your real character I cannot imagine. He must have had a motive."

"I never knew him act without one."

"So I begin to suspect. He represented your conduct to me as all that was dissipated, extravagant, and bad—so completely misled me that I called this morning upon your friend Mr. Quarl to—to——"

"To request him to discontinue employing me!" said Frank. "I guessed you would take that step."

Mr. Beacham colored up and looked uneasy.

"But knew it would be useless."

"Not useless, my dear boy," replied the unnatural parent, "since it has disabused me of a most painful error. I am now convinced that you have been slandered; more, that your conduct in London has been all that I could wish—in fact, most exemplary."

"Oh, my dear father!"

"And I trust you will forgive——"

"Not another word," exclaimed the generous youth, greatly moved by the apparent frankness of the atonement. "It is not for a father to make concessions to a son. I too may have been in fault. Last night I resented the accusation too hastily. Give me your hand, sir."

Mr. Beacham extended it. It felt cold and clammy.

"You must breakoff your connection with Slop," he observed. "I wish it."

"It is already done."

"Yes, yes; I understand that. The next question is, what would you like to follow? Your present employment can lead to nothing beyond a mere existence. I am not rich, Frank, as you well know; still I am ready to make a sacrifice to assist your views. No thanks," he continued. "If I have never been very demonstrative in my affection as a father, thank Heaven, I am not insensible in my duties."

"How I have misjudged him," thought the young man, his eyes filling with tears of gratitude and delight, which he vainly sought to repress.

"Very soft," mentally ejaculated Mr. Beacham. "With all his cleverness, takes everything for granted. I did so once myself. We grow wiser in time. Well," he said, speaking aloud. "Have you no aim? no desire? Never turned your thoughts towards any profession?"

"This offer, this kindness is so sudden, so unexpected, that——"

"You would rather leave the decision with me."

"Most gratefully, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horsehair lunch is the latest cold-weather dish out west. Four horses got snowbound in Nevada, while out in a very wide pasture. When found they had eaten off each other's manes and tails.

ST. VALENTINE.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

Crowned with good wishes from unnumbered hearts,
With eyes that brightly shine—
Reflecting hope from all the world of youth,
Smiles fair St. Valentine.

His kingdom's bounds know neither length nor breadth—
His law is, "Love rules all"—
His home the cottage by the little wood,
Or stately palace hall.

'Mid youth alone his subjects counted are—
For there he rests among
His faithful friends, laughs at the passing years,
And lives forever young.

To trace his line, his race of long descent
Rests not in human art—
For wide he reigned, and ruled this rugged earth
Since love first touched the heart.

And till the last, while youth with joy and truth,
Or hope with love combine—
May golden memories ever mark the day
That claims St. Valentine.

Only a Governess.

BY M. E. O. M.

IT is not of the smallest consequence where Miss Payne sleeps. She must go in the haunted chamber."

Miss Payne was the new governess expected to-day, and was a person of such small consequence in Mrs. Vavasour's eyes, that when she heard her daughters discussing amongst themselves where she would sleep she was quite indignant.

That evening, the new governess duly arrived; and one glance showed that she was not the kind of person to be put into a haunted chamber, or taken any other liberty with—if she knew it. She was not exactly handsome, but her face was a fine one, too, full of power, and yet with plenty of sweetness.

Kind hearted Augusta Vavasour took Miss Payne up to her room, and had quite a guilty feeling when the other looked about her, and said, pleasantly, "What a dear, old-fashioned looking place this is! There ought to be a traditional ghost lurking somewhere. Surely there is!"

Augusta colored as she answered, evasively:

"You are not timid, perhaps?"

"Timid of ghosts, you mean! Not in the very least. It is just the thing, of all others, that I want to see."

"You must be brave!" exclaimed the girl, involuntarily.

"I don't think it is a sign of great courage not to be afraid of a thing no one has ever seen," was the reply.

A shadow came into her eyes, as she added, after a pause:

"It has been the intense earnest longing of my life to see my mother's spirit; and as she promised me in dying that she would come to me if it were permitted, I know why she has not been. But this room strikes chilly; I suppose it is rarely used. I will ring and order a fire to be lighted. Mrs. Vavasour will not, of course, object?"

"Oh, no!" said Augusta, wondering all the while what her mother would think of such extraordinary proceedings.

When the servant appeared, Miss Payne gave the order herself coolly and calmly, waited to see it executed, finishing her toilet meanwhile, and then went down. Mrs. Vavasour was inclined to be supercilious at first, and wanted to indicate, by her manner, that a young woman in Miss Payne's position would not be allowed to give herself airs; but Miss Payne was equal to the occasion, and disposed of the other's scruples in a way that delighted the daughters, and determined her own status then and always.

Another new arrival after the holidays was Captain Vavasour, who arrived wounded from the Crimea. A tall, handsome man, and the pride of his proud mother's heart.

St. Valentine's Day was approaching, and there was a good deal of discussion on the subject in the drawing room of an evening, amongst Mrs. Vavasour and her daughters, in which Miss Payne took care not to join till she was asked her opinion.

"I don't know that I approve or disapprove," answered Margaret Payne, quietly. "I have never had one; and, therefore, it would be hardly fair to condemn the custom, knowing nothing of its merits or demerits. However, I must agree with Augusta that a pretty valentine could hardly be meant as an insult."

Mrs. Vavasour had to content herself with expressing disapproval, and assuring the assembled company all over again, that if such a thing were to occur in her house, her wounded sensibilities would never recover the shock!

Margaret Payne was a brave woman, not given to imaginary fears or idle delusions; but that night she had a severe fright. It had seemed to her ere she slept, that a cold, clammy hand had for a moment been laid on her face and then withdrawn.

Since she could not, however, decide whether it was reality or some horrid dream, she said nothing about it. She would wait and see.

The next night she was roused, just as the clock was striking two; and, as the last echo died away in the silent house, a creeping hand, beyond a doubt, spread itself over her face, chilling every drop of warm blood in her veins, and making her heart stand suddenly still.

It remained on her for about a minute; and then it was gone as mysteriously as it had come.

Margaret probably fainted, for she remembered no more for a long time; but, directly she came to herself, she jumped out of bed, and, lighting a candle, examined the room.

It was very strange, but there was no sign or token anywhere of what had happened—nothing to prove that she had not been dreaming again.

If there had been any way of accounting for it, she would not have minded; but it was so strange and inexplicable, that, brave as Margaret was, her courage failed in fighting with an impalpable adversary, and an indescribable horror and fear seized upon her. She lighted all the candles, and wrapping a blanket about her, sat shivering and trembling in an arm chair until dawn, when, hearing the servants about, she ventured to return to bed.

You may be sure that she was late this morning, and that all the family were at breakfast when she descended. She passed to her place, with a bow and a polite apology, and flushed a sudden, vivid scarlet when she saw how her plate was filled.

There was no mistaking the large, square envelope, which plainly advertised its own contents. There was no mistaking either Mrs. Vavasour's look of annoyance and displeasure, or Augusta's air of triumph and sympathy. But Margaret simply put it into her pocket.

Captain Vavasour was watching her anxiously; and, when her face darkened, a shadow came into his. The flush dying away, left her very pale, with weary eyes, in which still lingered a pathetic recognition of their past fears, and a certain dread of the future.

After the meal, the minute she was alone, she opened her valentine with trembling eagerness. It was a most charming production, exquisitely perfumed. A few snowdrops and violets in a nest of roses, with the simple words underneath, "For my own dear love."

All the day was brighter for this little episode; so bright that she hardly remembered the events of the past night, until she had began to dress for dinner, when a casual remark of the housemaid's brought it back vividly to her mind.

"La, miss! I can't think how you dare sleep in this room!"

"Why not, Martha?"

"Didn't you know it was haunted, miss?"

"Haunted!" echoed Miss Payne incredulously. "What do you mean?"

"Well, miss, they say there was a murder committed in this very room, about a hundred years ago; and the body was flung down a trap-door. It may be true, and it may not: but I do know there is a trap-door under the bed; for one of the other servants and me took up the carpet, and looked; but where it leads to, I can't say. However, there it is; and, as we all have been saying, it is shameful of mistress to put you in this room, when she herself and none of the young ladies would sleep in it for any money!"

"A trap door!" mused Margaret. "Indeed!"

Her measures were taken on the spot. She removed the carpet and saw the trap. Replacing it just as she had found it, she went down to the drawing room in search of Captain Vavasour. He was usually dressed before his mother and sisters, and seemed to enjoy a quiet half-hour of reading or reflection, ere they came rustling in, and claimed his attentions for themselves.

At the sound of Margaret's timid step, he turned, and finding who it was, rose with peculiar alacrity and eagerness to offer his chair. But if he had looked upon her visit as an encouragement, he was soon undeceived, for she immediately unfolded her errand, and made him understand that she had sought him on business, and business alone.

It was a dark, bitter night; the wind howled and roared outside, and the black clouds hid the moon's white face from her worshippers. Margaret feigned to undress as usual, but simply removed her dress, and slipped a light peignoir over her other clothes; then she loosened her hair, and knelt down, covering her face with her hands, but leaving a tiny aperture between two of her fingers, through which she might peer at pleasure.

She was very brave, as we have already said, but she had hard work to appear quite unconcerned, when she caught the glitter of an evil eye under the bed, watching her movements. Rising from her knees presently, she began to hum a soft tune under her breath, standing before the glass, so that she might command a view of the whole room.

At this moment, the curtain of the bed fluttered, and still she went on singing. Then a hand crept out the sombre folds; and singing always, Margaret stooped, picked some dark object off the floor, and looking again into the glass as she rose, saw not her own face alone, but a wicked one behind just looming out of the shadow of the curtain. Margaret sang still; but it was a different air and tune, and her voice was louder and fuller, getting into a light, clear key, and then ending suddenly.

There were two faces behind her in the glass by this time: and one was the dearest to her in all the world, for it was that of her brave, true Valentine.

As for the first, it hurried immediately under the bed, hoping to escape through the trap door; but Captain Vavasour, who was prepared for this, interposed in time, and secured the rascal by tying his legs together with a rope he had provided for the purpose. He was soon bound hand and foot, and dragged into the centre of the room; and then Captain Vavasour thoughtfully suggested that Margaret should go and share his eldest sister's room for the night, and he would then rouse the men servants, and search the house thoroughly before he sent for the police.

He took her there himself; and whilst Augusta was preparing to open to them, he kissed her finger tips with all reverance.

"I will remind you to-morrow," he said, "what risk a lady runs who accepts any service from a gentleman on St. Valentine's Day; and if you think me ungenerous in referring to the slight service I have been able to render you to-night, you may turn the tables by doing me a far greater, by boasting of it to your heart's content."

Mrs. Vavasour received a very violent shock when she found how nearly she had been the cause of Margaret Payne's death in placing her in the haunted chamber. For the man her son had secured was a noted ruffian, stained with crime, and had to answer for something even worse than the intention he boldly avowed of killing the brave woman he could not frighten.

He had hoped to scare Margaret out of her occupancy of the haunted chamber, in order that he might have free access to the house through the secret passage that terminated in the trap door under Margaret's bed. Her peril had been very great; but it was a lesson to Mrs. Vavasour. When her son confessed his love for Margaret, and explained that she had refused him simply because she required the assurance of Mrs. Vavasour's willingness to receive her as a daughter, his mother stormed a little, cried a good deal, but finally gave in, and went herself to beg Margaret's consent that she might have the pleasure of taking the good news to her son.

No doubt it was hard to be forced to resign all her bright dreams, and see him married to "Only a Governess;" but Margaret made such a charming daughter-in-law, and Captain Vavasour was so much the better now that he was a happy husband, that she became more than reconciled at last, and was never behind the others afterwards in pleasant recognition of St. Valentine's Day.

NOSES CLASSIFIED.—Writers on the features usually mention eight typical noses—the angular; the aquiline or Grecian; the bulbous or bottled; the turned up or snub; and the mixed or broken. Of the latter, by the way, the noses of at least two illustrious men may be taken as illustrations—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, and Michael Angelo, the artist, the latter of whom owed his ungraceful appendix to a violent blow from a companion with whom he was at variance, and who thus disfigured him for life. To these may be added the orator Cicero, upon whom nature seems to have bestowed a nasal organ of a type decidedly "mixed," if not broken. Plutarch says that he had a flat excrescence on the top of his nose in resemblance of a vetch—cicer in Latin—from which he took his surname; and it accords with the traditional belief that this description of nose is usually indicative of a fiery, quick, impetuous temper. Cicero having possessed this characteristic in a marked degree. Horace seems to regard the short nose, with a little turn up at the end, as the mark of a person given a good deal to jibing and jeering. Martial calls it the rhinoceros nose, and says that it was highly fashionable in his day, everybody affecting this kind of proboscis as an indication of a satirical humor. The "angular" nose, is the long, clearly-cut, pointed organ, and was, no doubt, the type to which Horace alludes when he says that it is indicative of satirical wit. The "parrot beak" is the nose akin to the typical Jewish nose all over the world. The eight types given embrace every description of the feature.

"Lunatic" Livingstone, the eccentric American, who years ago created a sensation in Florence by driving six, eight or ten pairs of blooded boys at the same time, still keeps up his amusement. He has lived in Florence for thirty years and is a small, thin, shriveled man, and as on these chilly days he sits at this pleasure-task, bundled and muffled up, he suggests a mummy out for an airing.

It is announced that President Hayes has on hand six hundred unanswered requests for his autograph.

Farm and Garden.

HINTS.—It is said that if sod land is ploughed just before the corn is planted, the worms will feed upon the sod and not injure the corn. White flowers are generally more fragrant than colored ones. You may enlarge your pinks by watering them with a weak solution of nitre.

FRUIT PESTS.—At a time when fruit trees are blossoming, and when sparrows and bullfinches have commenced their annual raids upon them, the French have a way of driving away these diminutive plagues. This consists of limewashing the trees. When thus whitened, the birds disappear, and there is no further occasion to dread their attacks.

PAMPAS GRASS.—The cultivation of pampas grass, now so much used for decorative purposes, has become quite a profitable industry in Southern California. Three-quarters of an acre planted in pampas grass, yielded, at two and a-half cents a head, $600. Another grower sold all he could raise at seven and a half cents a head. Last year 10,000 heads of this grass were sold from that region.

THE TURNIP FLY.—An English seed firm of high standing suggests the following remedy for the turnip fly: It is to drill a little extra seed in the rows and to scatter a little seed broadcast between the rows. They have known this to answer admirably in checking the pace of the flies through the rows, and thus affording time for a sufficient portion of the plants to develop from the seed leaf, after which period the plants are proof against the fly.

SICKLY PLANTS.—There are natural scavengers provided to prevent you from being poisoned by sick plants. They indicate false conditions of growth. The affected plant is rotting at the roots, from standing water or lack of drainage; or it is sick from want of sunshine. Bugs abound out of doors where is damp shade or a tree disturbed in its adjustment of root and branch. Doctor your plants and lice will generally vanish. Red spiders appear only where the atmosphere is too dry. Dust and dirt on the leaves, closing the pores, also induces diseases and calls in the scavengers.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Gapes may be cured by giving a piece of camphor gum, the size of a small pea, every day until the chick seems well. Sometimes two or three liberal doses of pepper will affect a cure. If the chicks are very bad, fumigate with sulphur, and give two or three drops of solution of carbolic acid and water; sixty drops of water to one drop of acid form a solution. Do not hold the chicks directly over the fumes of burning sulphur, and do not fumigate too long, or the remedy may prove worse than the disease. Let the chicks inhale the fumes for two or three minutes, and in most cases that will be sufficient to effect a cure.

Scientific and Useful.

REMOVING STAINS.—Boiling water will remove tea stains and many iron stains. Pour the water through the stain and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric, while soaking it in milk before washing will always remove ink stains from any fabric.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—What is said to be a sure cure for this horrible ailment is nothing but a poultice and tea made from the common field thistle. The leaves are macerated and used on the parts affected, as a poultice, while a small quantity of the leaves are boiled down to the proportion of a quart to a pint, and a small wineglass of the decoction drank before each meal.

RED HANDS.—Keep some oat meal on the washstand, and as often as the hands are washed, rub a little of the oat-meal over them; then rinse it off, and, when dry, put on a little bit of pomade made as follows:—Take ten cents' worth of white wax, three ditto of spermaceti, three ditto of powdered camphor, and olive oil enough to make it the thickness of honey; put it in a gallipot, and let it stand in an oven to melt; and when cold, it will be found very good for the hands. Gloves, worn either in the day or night, will help to keep the hands white.

PERPETUAL PASTE.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistence of thick cream, being particular to beat up the lumps; stir in as much powdered rosin as will lie on a half-dime, and throw in half a dozen cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Have on the fire a teacup of boiling water in a suitable vessel, pour the flour mixture into it, stirring well all the time. In a few minutes it will be of the consistence of porridge. Pour it into an earthern or china vessel, let it cool; lay a cover on; and put in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion, and soften with warm water. Paste thus made can be kept twelve months. It is better than gum, as it does not gloss the paper, and can be written on.

A NEW USE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—A new use for photography in connection with the higher arts has been found in the discovery that it may be relied on to detect restoration or tampering in any way with old paintings. On recently examining the first proof of a well-known Madonna, in the British National Gallery, it was observed that there was a disfiguring blur over the forehead. No such blur was discernable in the original, at least at first glance. But the magnifying-glass showed, on careful inspection, that the restorer had been at work. He had repaired some casual damage with a skill that reproduced the color, the touch, and the texture of the painter, but he had not used the same pigments, and this was instantly detected by the subtle chemistry of light.

USING OLD INDIA RUBBER.—The utilization of old vulcanized caoutchouc, or india rubber, is affected in the following way: Old used up buffer rings of railway cars are heated, in presence of steam, the sulphur distils off, the caoutchouc melts and flows in hot water, collecting at the bottom of the vessel. The steam prevents the burning of the material. The melted caoutchouc has essentially different properties from what has been supposed. It becomes a pretty thin, dark mass, which remains liquid even at ordinary temperature, soon dries in air, and retains its property of being watertight. On the other hand, it parts with elasticity, at least for large pieces. This liquid caoutchouc is chiefly used for making watertight covers for carriages, awnings for ships, etc. It is recommended also as a watertight varnish for iron wares.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

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USE AND ABUSE OF FUN.

WHAT should we be without this gift to brighten our existance on our earthy pilgrimage? I call it a gift because I think the love of pure, innocent fun is a beautiful thing and one calculated to effect much good in the world. A love of fun is most often found accompanied by a cheerful and lively disposition. There is no drearier state than that of an individual who during the whole of his lifetime can obtain no fun or pleasure in the slightest degree, in his daily intercourse with his fellow creatures. You often hear the remark, "Oh! he is dull; there is not the least appreciation of fun in him." Such a state is highly to be pitied, but rarely found, for every person endowed with at least a common share of common sense, can and will appreciate a good joke, provided that the laugh it occasions is good-natured, and not raised at his expense. In every household in Christendom surely everything would look flat, and daily duties performed with less willingness and alacrity, did not fun take some part in the home-element.

What would be the result if fun of all sorts and kinds were entirely denied to the younger part of creation? Conceive the effect of children between the ages of four and thirteen turned into premature little men and women, with no love of fun or merriment to brighten their unhappy little existance. But, luckily, no such catastrophe as that so vividly portrayed is to be anticipated; or can ever come to pass, as long as no obstacles are thrown in the way of our children's happy and innocent fun.

Of course it was seen that in the foregoing words only one side of the question has been taken into consideration. It is a well-known fact that even of the best of things one can have too much. Even fun has it's limits, and a more wearisome thing can scarcely be imagined than an idividual who, at the most inappropriate times, cannot refrain from turning the most commonplace of conversation into fun and ridicule. This is certainly a great failing; but of course there is a graver aspect under which it can be regarded—namely; the love of ill-natured fun. A laugh raised at the expense of a well-meaning person is highly injudicious, and in many cases rarely forgotten.

We should be especially careful of these sensitive ones—especially as one can never tell the harm a careless word leveled in mere jest may do.

There is one more abuse of fun which is necessary only just to touch upon, and which while the love of pure and holy things exists can never become a habit—the danger that one has to guard against of speaking in fun of sacred and holy things, or in any way bringing them into ridicule. Let the witty sentence be wasted—rather than be uttered, to fall perhaps one untutored and wavering mind, and prove a stumbling block in that mind for years and years after the words were uttered and forgotten.

So much for the abuse of this gift. But, on the whole, much more may be said for than against it; for, though it may prove a stumbling-block and "occasion of falling" to some few, it is an undeniable blessing to those who, with a constant and ever-ready source of cheerfulness and fun, can make lighter daily trials and difficulties, and even afford to help a less hopeful brother or sister on their earthly journey.

SANCTUM CHAT.

The Catholic clergy of St. Louis have for some time been making a fight upon the organists, who, in choirs, have managed everything in their own way. One pastor took from the bookcase the favorite mass of an organist and burned it. The clergy say that fancy music must be given up and simple music adopted in its place.

—

A Scottish physician states that the types of insanity have changed within modern times. For instance, delirious mania is now comparatively rare; but mental enfeeblement, attended with paralysis, is becoming more and more common, and is the result of the overwork and worry of the struggle for existence at the present day.

—

Oh, this realistic age! Here is a Scotch chemist who tries to throw discredit on many a fine poetic fancy by suggesting that the beautiful azure tint of a clear sky is the result of the dust in the atmosphere, and that the thicker the dusk the deeper the blue of the sky. Verily, this world does seem to be "all a fleeting show for man's illusion given."

—

A rather interesting experiment is about to be tried in London. Persons apprehended for being simply drunk and incapable are to be kept in custody until the effect of the liquor passes off, then they are to be liberated on their own recognizances. But, in the event of their neglecting to appear before the magistrate of the district, their recognizances will be escheated.

—

The Finnish government has hit upon a plan for ridding the grand duchies of wolves and afford the soldiers practice in shooting. Enormous numbers of wolves having appeared in the forests of late years, it has been decided this winter to dispatch against them a battalion of rifles. The men will be allowed unlimited ammunition, and will be told off in squads to attack the enemy, and at the end of the contest money prizes will be given to those who have killed the greatest number of wolves with the fewest shots.

—

It often happens that a front tooth is broken off even with the gum, while the rest of the teeth remains good. This root may be removed and its place supplied with a sound and healthy tooth, previously removed for that purpose and made to grow and perform all the functions of a natural tooth. A number of operations of this kind have been successfully performed in the Southwest. As a rule the teeth are selected from the mouths of healthy negroes, and the price paid from three to ten dollars. Some of the most fastidious ladies in the section have had this operation performed and are proud of the fact.

—

A new yorker who felt that he could be happy with either a plain-looking housekeeper of frugal tastes and practical ideas or a highly accomplished beauty, tossed up a copper, a few days ago, in order to decide which of the two he should choose. The beauty won the second and fourth tosses, and the plain but frugal lass the first, third, and fifth. Now that he has decided in cold blood to propose to the lucky girl, it is to be hoped that she will refuse him, because, whether it had been head or tail on the final toss, a lover so feeble and undecided would be equally certain to curse the turn of the unlucky penny for the rest of his life.

—

A quaint quadrille is to be danced at the ball concluding the festivities attending the wedding of Prince William of Prussia. The fifty couple who are to take part in it will wear the costume of the period of Frederick William the first. The gentlemen who are to impersonate the giant grenadiers of the Soldier King will be arrayed in the ancient lace coat uniform of the Prussian Guards, with gaiters, sugar-loaf helmets, cumbersome leather straps and belts. Those selected are all officers in the present Foot Guards, and no unworthy representatives of the olden time, the smallest person admitted measuring 5 feet 11 inches in height. Of the ladies, many are said to suit their towering partners admirably in height and size.

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An English writer describes the "sister-in-law" thus: "She may be the champion of the husband at breakfast, the avenger of wrongs of the wife at luncheon, and at dinner declare that both ought to be ashamed of themselves for bringing up the children in the way they should not go. She is a certain element of discord in the house, for if she is too friendly with the husband the wife deplores with tears the presence of 'that minx' who is undermining poor Edward's affection; if too friendly with the sister 'Poor Edward' unhesitatingly affirms on those inauspicious occasions when words arise about a too highly peppered soup or smoked salmon, that there never will be peace in the house 'as long as that (adjective to fancy) little mischief making beast is inside it.'"

—

One of the most interesting facts brought to light by the deep sea researches of the Challenger expedition is the universality of animal life. The sea serves as a granary for all the food drained into it by the continental rivers, and its salinity helps to preserve such matter in a state suitable for nourishing its teeming millions of inhabitants. Even in the profound abysses of the ocean, which were formerly supposed to be destitute of animal life, countless delicate organisms were found roaming at depths sufficient to crush the toughest wood if it had been rolled in a mill. In this deep sea eternal darkness and profound stillness reign. The storm that agitate the surface of the ocean never disturb these depths, and the temperature remains nearly equable while polar currents flow far above them.

—

Some simple rules for winter are, never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air. Keep the back—especially between the shoulder blades—well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet; always toast them by a fire ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed. After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage nor near the window of a car for a moment. It is dangerous to health, and even to life. When hoarse speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced. Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating. When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

—

In his evening prayer, a little boy asked God to bless the poor children. Afterwards his mother said to him, "How will you help God to bless the poor children?" He replied: "If I had a thousand cakes I would give them some after I had eaten all I wanted." "But you have not got a thousand cakes. What will you do?" said the mother. "I will give them some bread," he replied. "But the bread is mine and not yours," she said. "I will earn some money and buy some bread," he replied. "You cannot do that; so what will you do with what you have now to help the poor?" After thinking a moment he replied: "I have seven cents, I will give four, will that do?" This was educating the child to give in the right way. A good old elder used to render thanks in prayer to God for every new opportunity to do good by giving to benevolent causes. This habit of giving grows by exercise.

—

There are some strange analogies in nature. The cocoanut is in many respects like the human skull, although it closely resembles the skull of the monkey. A sponge may be so held as to remind one of the unfleshed face of the skeleton, and the meat of an English walnut is almost the exact representation of the brain. Plums and black cherries resemble the human eyes; almonds and some other nuts resemble the different varieties of the human nose, and an open oyster and its shell are a perfect image of the human ear. The shape of almost any man's body may be found in the various kinds of mammoth pumpkins. The open hand may be discerned in the form assumed by scrub-willows and growing celery. The German turnip and the egg-plant resemble the human heart. There are other striking resemblances between human organs and certain vegetable forms. The forms of many mechanical contrivances in common use may be traced back to the patterns furnished by nature. Thus, the hog suggested the plow; the butterfly, the ordinary hinge; the toadstool, the umbrella; the duck, the ship; the fungous growth on trees, the bracket. Any one desirous of proving the oneness of the earthly system will find the resemblance in nature an amusing study, to say the least.

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An apparent non admirer of blondes writes: I have found the worst feminine qualities almost invariably allied to the blonde style; not the green or gray-eyed blondes with straight, abundant hair and fresh coloring, but the sallow or pallid being, with light blue eyes and limp or waving hair—an innocent-looking creature, with feline manners, velvet-paws, and such claws! These are the women who delude and destroy men; who never forgive an injury or forget a slight, who smile and talk sweetly, and put on airs of meek piety or high art and refinement, but under all are scheming, unprincipled, false to the core. Did not Lucrezia Borgia have golden hair? Was not Lady Macbeth a Scotish woman; presumably with lint-white locks? Two of the worst and most brilliant woman I ever knew had this style of complexion. Black-haired and dark-eyed women are quick-tempered, electric, generous, jealous probably, but full of relenting, and capable of being coaxed into or out of anything. Weak as to their affections, snappy as to their temper; warm of heart and hot of head, they are never very bad or very good, and are the delightful torment of every man who loves them and whom they do not love too much; but loves makes slaves and fools of them, and they are ridiculously constant.

THE LOVERS GO.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

And see, the lovers go
With lingering steps and slow,
Over all the world together, all in all,
Over all the world! The empires fall;
The onward march of man seems spent
The nations rot in dull content;
The blight of war, a bitter flood,
From continent to continent,
Rolls on with waves of blood;
The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of thought burns low;
There seems scant thought of God; but yet
One power there is men ne'er forget,
And still through every land beneath the skies,
Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,
With lingering steps and slow,
The lovers go.

A pillar of light
Goes evermore before their dazzled eyes,
Purple and golden bright,
Youth's vast horizon spread, and the unbounded skies.
Oh, blessed dream, which for awhile dost hide
The sorrows of the world, and leave life glorified!
Oh, blessed light that risest still,
Young eyes and eager souls to fill.

Linked arms and hearts aglow:
Wherever man is more than brute,
To this self-sacrifice our nature grow,
Rapt each in each they go, and mute,
Listening to the sweet song
Which Love, with unheard accents, all day long
Sings to them, like a hidden bird,
Sweeter than e'er was seen or heard,
Which from life's thick-leaved tree
Sings sadly, merrily,
A strange, mixed song, a mystic strain,
Which rises now to joy and jollity,
Now seemeth to complain;
But with a sweeter music far than is
Of earth-born melodies.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

VIOLET'S eyes were not, however, fixed on him. They were raised to an old picture of the "Second Coming," with its angels in sky blue robes and saints with gilded halos.

"A good picture," said Sir Evan, striving to occupy his own thoughts as well as the attention of the sitter with something less agitating than their meeting again.

"Very," she replied; "I can scarcely take my eyes from it."

"You may continue to look, if you will choose some point in particular," said Sir Evan

"Is my position of any consequence?" she asked.

"Not as long as you do not lean back," he replied; "it is of no matter or necessity for you to remain at all constrained. Change your position when you are tired"

"I am glad I may sit at all," she said, a flash of her natural archness in her eyes; "I feared I was to stand"

"Not to day, thank you," said Sir Evan; "but I cannot promise for any future sittings."

And now the sitting began. It lasted longer perhaps than was absolutely necessary, for Sir Evan was anything but anxious to get rid of his beautiful companion. At length, however, she looked unmistakably weary, and with a laugh he noticed it.

"You are tired of me and my work," he said; "it is really too bad of me to tax your patience so far. Pray pardon me."

"Pardon is not required," she answered, smiling, and her eyes endorsed the verdict of her words.

"If you only knew the happiness you are bestowing," he said, and then he stopped suddenly, for he saw a meaning smile on the face of the girl who had accompanied Violet to the studio.

"Your work is progressing favorably," she said, advancing toward the mass of clay.

"I hope so,—everything must be judged by the end," was the quiet reply.

Violet now went into the ante room, to change her dress for the out door attire; then she returned, and held out her hand to the young man with the frank cordiality of a cousin, rather than the timid or proud demeanor of a shy or haughty girl, placed in a peculiar and doubtful position.

"You are looking ill, Sir Evan," she said. "I hope the countess will not kill you, in doing honor to her lost grandchild."

"It is not that can hurt me," said Sir Evan.

"What then?"

"Doubt, anxiety, fear for the future, pain for a scarcely missed happiness," was the reply.

"Take my advice, Sir Evan,—live in the present," said Violet, with a smile. "The past cannot be recalled, the future may have blessings which we little anticipate."

"Can you feel thus?" he asked.

"I try," she replied.

"You who have been so deeply injured, so cruelly torn from all that makes life happy!" he said.

"Yes," she replied.

"And do you succeed?" he asked.

"I have learnt at least one lesson," was the reply; "that if there is danger in the midst of the greatest blessing, so there may be the truest blessings in the deepest apparent trials. And now good-bye. I will come to-morrow, shall I?"

"Yes, at the same hour, if you please," replied Sir Evan. "May I not at least see you home?"

"Certainly not," she said, smiling. "You know the conditions of our agreement."

"And will observe them," he added; "only I tremble for your safety."

"You would only endanger it by your presence," replied Violet. "Good bye."

Violet and her companion took their way round the edge of the cliff, and ascended a steep crag, skirted by low cottages, with their little gardens on one side, and on the other the lofty heights of the Culver Cliffs. They walked silently along the narrow path for some time, and then, crossing a ploughed field, they entered a thick wood.

Violet sat down on a recently felled tree, and her companion seated herself at a respectful distance, yet within reach of her voice, should she be inclined to converse; but Violet appeared abstracted and moody. Her head rested on her hands, and the convulsive movement of her slight form betrayed the emotion she was indulging for the moment. It was a pardonable burst of feeling to which she gave vent; but still she seemed to conceal and struggle with it as if it were a crime; and the sobs that shook her frame were silent and suppressed. The girl watched her in silence for some minutes. Then she said, in a soft, low voice, half deprecating, half soothing in its accents—

"You have had a tedious sitting, dear lady."

"Perhaps," said Violet; "yet agreeable, Magdalen."

"Agreeable!" said the girl, quickly. "What should make it agreeable, dear lady? Surely you have not given your heart to Sir Evan?—you do not mean to marry him?" she asked, anxiously.

"I have no such intention," replied Violet, half-amused at the girl's earnestness, for it was impossible to be angry with her caressing, half child-like manner; but Violet looked grave and serious as she continued: "You are wrong, Magdalen, to have your ideas always running on such subjects. If the tale you tell me be true, you have no reason to wish me or any one you care for, to marry."

"But, dear lady, for you it is so different," said Magdalen. "No one could treat you as I have been used."

"Perhaps not," said Violet. "But, Magdalen, never speak to me of such follies again; or——"

"Or what, dear lady?" interrupted Magdalen.

"You will never accompany me again to the cottage for the statue," replied Violet.

Magdalen smiled sadly as she averted her face from her young lady's earnest gaze, and the tears stood in the girl's eyes as she rose to follow her to their humble home. And "humble" it was. A coast pilot's cottage, of which two plainly furnished rooms were devoted to the young lady's service, while Magdalen slept in a tiny room, or rather closet that formed the passage between the apartments, such was the accommodation of the once jewelled and splendidly dressed bride.

CHAPTER XXX.

SEVERAL days elapsed before Violet was again summoned to the strange studio. She perhaps rather chafed at the delay. Her residence in that humble abode had been chiefly taken up from voluntary gratitude to the man to whom she owed so much, and whose pleasure and happiness and success she was told she could promote by her presence. Such at least was her avowed reason for leaving the abode first chosen, and coming with that newly-appointed maid to the lonely dwelling they had selected for their home. Magdalen was in many respects adapted to her mood. The sad story of the girl, which she told with so much pathos, had touched her sensitive heart, and the changing, fitful humor of the young and melancholy deserted wife made her at once an interesting and a congenial companion for the lonely and strangely placed Violet. Respectful, and yet superior to her station in manner, feelings, and mind, tenderly soft and sad, or again fitfully playful and bright for some brief interval Magdalen was perhaps the only companion really suited for the once bright and gay but now thoughtful and saddened Violet. At the present moment even the ordinary and easy cheerfulness of a common-place life would have grated on her feelings, but the sad, pensive quietness of the girl wife, her capricious fits of alternate gaiety and extreme and causeless depression, interested the fair Violet almost to a temporary forgetfulness of her own sorrows.

The days went wearily on till that fixed for the second sitting arrived. Sir Evan had said that he did not desire a portrait, since it was not from life, but from ideal memory that he was to mould the statue, and the character, which in a moment of inspiration he had been able to catch and fix on the clay, would be even in danger of being lost or injured by an attempt at a physical likeness, rather than an ideal which had chanced to recall the lost grandchild to her parents' memory. And, as he had explained to the young lady, the servile imitation was to be avoided, and a purity of expression, a devotion to the spiritual idea that he declared he had first caught from the apparently lifeless and yet breathing Violet, to be preserved.

It was strange conduct for a lover, if indeed Sir Evan was a lover, and perhaps Violet was satisfied that he was not one. Whether she felt pleased with that conviction she would perhaps have hardly been able herself to decide; but the second sitting, the third and the fourth, were somewhat cold and humdrum. Sir Evan busily was occupied rather on the figure than the face of the statue, and Violet's extreme reserve and coldness could not deprive her attitudes of their natural grace. And this was the result and the occupation of two weeks after the first sitting of the young girl to her gallant rescuer; and, by degrees, the extreme formality of the two persons more especially engaged, and the weariness of the unfortunate girl who was doomed to be a mere passive spectator of the scene, induced Violet to take compassion on her; and for the fifth sitting after the commencement, Violet ventured alone on that somewhat hazardous expedition. Sir Evan's face lighted up as he saw her enter alone. It was an unexpected but a much desired pleasure, that solitary interview. To see her alone! Not from a selfish desire, as the privilege of gazing unnoticed on her loveliness, of speaking the feelings within his laboring heart. No, it was from a sudden thought, that this solitary interview would tend to the excellence of his work. It was from the conviction that there was one expression that he could give to his statue, and, deprived of which, it did not satisfy him—and he knew that it ought not to satisfy others; and he felt sure that the touching on one subject would produce the the very look that he desired to imagine. But it would be impossible to make that experiment before others; it was difficult and hazardous even when alone. The opportunity, however, so afforded was too tempting to be disregarded, and he resolved to make the attempt.

Violet's grave salutation was over. He had placed her in the accustomed chair, in the position most favorable for sitting, and had began in silence his accustomed labors. At last he said abruptly, "You have never told me all the strange circumstances of your supposed death."

"That is nearly connected with another subject," she replied tranquilly,—"how I came to be married."

"But you were not married?" said Sir Evan, with a flush.

"Not quite," was the half-laughing reply. But that sudden look of anguish in the young man's face, and a pang of self reproach that perhaps grated through the breast of the young girl, stopped the flush of gaiety, now so rare in that young mind, and she said, "If you really wish to know how, I will tell you all,—how I was at the point of marriage, and nearly died, and so by means of one catastrophe I escaped the other.

She began, and Sir Evan listened with breathless interest while the girl went on with deep color and intense emotion to tell in brief, unexaggerated, yet graphic words, the story that Sir Evan had so longed to hear.

"I will not mention any names," she said. "Perhaps you may know some of them, perhaps not; in either case it is far better that you should remain ignorant of the real names of those concerned. I was betrothed by relatives to whom I owed all, everything, and to whom I felt it my bounden duty to return entire obedience. The bridegroom was one that I neither objected to nor loved; but then, Sir Evan, I had not been brought up in the romance that some girls delight in. I was accustomed almost from my first remembrance to think of my dutiful obedience, my clear conscience, as a far more imperative obligation and source of happiness than any selfish romance; and so I carried out my teachings, and quietly submitted to the plans and wishes of those whom I believed to study better than myself the real happiness of my life. Well, the day came, and, for the first time, a terrible misgiving, a horror, seized me. Even when my bridal dress was on and the bridegroom waiting, I seemed as if paralysed in mind—unable to resist any influence, mental or physical, that might be brought against me. I believe I was in a kind of dream or trance, and so I stood before the altar. Then there came the cry of fire, and then confusion and insensibility. After a while I seemed to be floating in a crystal sea, then I heard what sounded like the requiem of a departing soul; after that, unconsciousness again. You know the rest, and it is painful for me to recall the past. I cannot dwell on these things, Sir Evan; it is all too terrible."

Sir Evan had stopped work; he muttered something inarticulate, and stood gazing at her, like a man bereft of all senses save sight and hearing.

"And he to whom you were about to be united, what of him?" asked Sir Evan, nervously.

"I have released him from all promise to myself, and have required him to return me my troth."

"Then he knows of your existence?" said Sir Evan.

"Yes, under strict promise of secrecy," she replied.

"You trust him?" he said.

"I do," she replied, "thus far; I believe him to have been innocent of any attempt on my life; nay more, I have faith in his honor had the marriage been celebrated," she said.

"You are very forbearing," said Sir Evan.

"I desire to be just" she said.

"And if he refuses?" he asked.

"I shall vow myself to continual celibacy," was the reply.

"A needless sacrifice for so poor a creature," said Sir Evan; "pardon my speaking thus of your affianced husband."

"As my hands, so my heart, Sir Evan," said Violet, holding out both her hands—ringless. "He has had nothing of mine but my promise."

Sir Evan became pale as death, and turned to the statue without a word in reply; then some time passed in profound silence. He took no more notice of her than if she had been a lay figure sitting there beside him.

At the sounding of the afternoon hour by the silver tongued clock in Sir Evan's anteroom, Violet usually withdrew, and by the time he had secured his work and arranged his studio her toilet was completed, and she would take leave and depart. But on this day he detained her; or rather, when she was ready, he requested her to re-enter the work-room.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE great difficulty of Sir Evan's work was surmounted, and, instead of having covered it as usual with the indispensable wet cloths, he was gazing at it in rapture when Violet entered.

"Nothing but the patient execution of the details now remains," he said, coldly. "I shall scarcely need your help for those dry uninteresting necessities."

"Not again?" she asked; and there was a slight, very slight sadness in the tone.

"Scarcely for another three months, when the figure will be ready for the drapery," replied Sir Evan in the same dry tone. "Till then I shall not need to trouble you"

"And during that time do you expect me to remain in this romantic solitude?" said Violet, with a blush.

Sir Evan did not reply for some minutes. Then he said quietly, "By that time you will perhaps have the reply that will make you a——"

He stopped, and turned away to the lovely, almost living clay.

"It will make little change," she said sadly. "I must in any case be alone in the world."

"Why?" he asked, his face softening at once, as he came closer to her, and took her hand in his. "Are you so blind as not to see that I love you?"

She was quite calm now. Women take courage from the agitation of man.

"Hush!" she said. "It must not be; you know it must not. I must remain an unknown and portionless waif in the world."

He grasped her hand more closely as a look of agony crossed his face.

"Violet, Violet, you are cruelly unjust to me and to yourself," he cried, passionately. "Can you suppose that it is for anything but your own beauty and goodness I love you, or that it would avail aught to me whether you were a princess or a peasant?"

"Yes," she said, calmly, "it would. The proud spirit I have seen in you would be wounded by the idea that your wife was nameless; or bore perhaps even a disgraced name. When the love had once faded, and the world began to resume more power, then the natural feelings would resume their sway."

"I do not believe it," he replied; "nay, I am certain to the contrary. But what then? Why should you not avow and resume your rightful position, Violet?"

"Because, to do so would expose others to disgrace and misery, perhaps myself to danger that would again threaten my life," she said.

"Then you do not love me; you think of all, of every one, but me—but my happiness," he said. "I might have guessed it. I might have known that mine was a hopeless, despised love."

The girl looked at him with touching sadness. "Am I to bring misery on every one connected with me?" she said, rather to herself than to him. "O mother, mother, better had I died when you did!—I should have spared others much crime and wretchedness."

"Violet," said Sir Evan, his face relaxing, "you are an angel, but I am only

human, and if you can conquer human feelings so easily, I can not. This may cost me my life, if it is so light a thing to you."

Tears rushed down the poor girl's cheeks as she replied—

"Sir Evan, do not make me wicked and false. Let me at least keep my good conscience in the midst of my bitter trials. I have lost all,—every one,—all but you. I cannot, dare not, must not accept you as my future husband; but must I lose my best, my only friend?"

He was touched, deeply touched; she shuddered, though the rosy lips quivered, and the long eyelashes were wet with tears.

"I dare not" she said,—"I must not."

"You shall tell me the truth, ere you leave me, Violet."

She looked at him with a changing expression; she saw all the deep love of his heart, the great agony of his soul,—and she pitied him. Half hesitating, half yielding, she was about to reply, when a loud knocking at the door startled both from the dangerous crisis.

"It is the countess!" exclaimed Sir Evan.

"The countess!" said Violet, and her face became white as death. "How can I escape? Can I get away?"

"Impossible!" replied Sir Evan; "she would meet you before you left the house." He was as agitated as herself.

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Violet, wringing her hands in despair; "if it costs me my life I must avoid her."

"And why?" asked Sir Evan, gazing at her with his keen eyes.

"Because it would be dreadful for me to be found in such a suspicious position," was the calm reply. "My good name is dearer to me than life."

"Be composed, Violet," he said. "No one shall find you here, however long you may wish to remain concealed."

He did not pause to do more than glance at the rich, rosy hue of the girl's face, as he said these significant words, and then with a half sad smile descended the stairs, where the countess was waiting for him. She had been rowed in a small boat that belonged to their own yacht across the ferry and to a landing some twenty yards from Sir Evan's dwelling. She smiled grimly, as she marked his surprise.

"Ah, you did not expect me, young sir," she began. "You thought your Triton-like dwelling was inaccessible to an old woman, eh? but you were mistaken, you see."

"I am glad to see your ladyship," was the rather embarrassed reply.

"Are you?" she said, laughingly; "well, I cannot say that you appear so very delighted; and you do not look so well, either, as when I saw you in London. Are you afraid of my supervision, young sir? Is your work backward, or does it not satisfy you?"

"You will find that I have not neglected your commission, madam," said the baronet, coldly. The countess's manner did not please him; besides, the interruption to the most important crisis of his life was anything but favorable to the placidity of his temper.

"I am glad to hear that," she replied, shortly. "What progress have you made, sir?"

It was a peculiarity of the countess that she appeared to ignore the social rank of her companion—to forget the gentleman in the artist.

"Would you like to see the sketches I have made of the face and figure?" he asked, in reply.

The countess assented, and he took her not to the studio, but to a small study strewn with unfinished sketches and various work of art. She glanced over the sketches with marked approbation.

"Sir Evan," she said, "if the statue equals the sketches before me in spirit and skill, I shall confess you have indeed surpassed even my most sanguine expectations or hopes."

"I cannot pretend to say. It is in an unfinished and unsatisfactory state at present," he replied, coloring.

"I wish to see it, nevertheless," said the countess.

"I regret to say it is impossible," he replied.

"And pray, wherefore?" she asked. "I took all this trouble, and left the Earl at some risk, in order to judge of your progress."

"I am sorry, very sorry," he replied, "that it is impossible."

"At least, Sir Evan, I think I am in common courtesy entitled to a reason for the refusal," said the old lady.

"Then, madam," said he, "I must inform you that my model is up stairs; and therefore I grieve to be compelled to be discourteous. Another time I shall hope to be compliant."

"Ah," said she, "you have a model, of course. I suppose then it is necessary. Very well, I will wait. I have much to say to you, young sir; I am in no hurry. Let madame or mademoiselle dress and retire. I will give her time; you understand?"

They had returned into the outer entrance—the public studio, as it might be called. The countess seated herself on the rough, large sofa, evidently with the determination not to go away till her purpose was effected. And up stairs, through the half open casement, Sir Evan could discern the figure of his fair visitor.

"I am very sorry, madam," he said, "but I cannot send away my model so unceremoniously. She is a young lady who has too great claims on my courtesy for me to take such a liberty. And if I did, I know she would not come down so long as your ladyship is here."

Lady St. Clair frowned, and beat the sanded floor impatiently with her foot. She was unused to have her will contradicted. However, the young artist was a gentleman and a genius. He must be honored—all genius must; and she saw by his look and manner that he was determined to resist her request at any risk.

"And, pray, how do I know," she said, with a smile, "that this story of the model is not an excuse to avoid showing me the statue?"

"In one sense you have guessed rightly," he said, with a smile. "It is indeed perfectly true that the young lady who has been kind enough to assist me in this work is up stairs at present; but, even if she were not, it would make no difference. I cannot suffer any one—not even yourself—to see the statue of Miss St. Clair till it is further advanced."

"Perhaps you are right, sir," said the countess. "It may be that you are right; at any rate, I must be content with your decision. How far is your work toward completion?" she asked.

"The figure is little more than begun," he said. "The head is quite advanced. I shall hardly dare to touch it again," said Sir Evan.

"If it be the head on which you have hitherto been working, your model must resemble my grand-daughter in features," observed the countess quietly.

"It does not necessarily follow," he replied. "My model is of great use to me; but the face I am transferring to the clay is in my mind—my imagination. The statue shall, if I have power to realize my fancies, my aspirings, far surpass any such earthly beauty."

"God speed you," said the old lady, rising. "I am satisfied with all you have done. She was pure as a lily; yes, she was an angel, and if you mould her likeness into one, you could not describe her better. And do you know, I believe your model must have been seen by others, for I have heard strange stories, strange to all but me, and even to me unintelligible, till you told me this. And now, good morning. Remember what I have said to you."

It was very unlikely he could forget. Was it probable that he could understand? Few could understand the Countess St. Clair, more especially of late. Since her grandchild's death she had been more enigmatical than ever.

Sir Evan remained in deep and puzzled thought for some moments, and then he remembered the fair girl up stairs, and he rose to rejoin her. She was sitting on a chair in the studio, her bonnet at her side, and her face buried in both hands. There was a quiet, subdued dignity in her manner, that in itself would have silenced a more daring and less refined lover than the young baronet. His eyes filled with tears as he gazed on the pale lovely features of the noble girl, and he only crushed back the unmanly weakness by a strong effort.

"Violet," he said, "dear, noble Violet, I think I can read all,—read you aright. And pardon me if I again say you are wrong in your judgment, however right in your pure thoughts and self sacrifice."

"It is enough that I read myself," she replied, "and that I am satisfied with my own decision, Sir Evan. Trust me, it is no foolish romance that actuates me, but a deliberate knowledge of much that you can not understand—cannot even imagine. And so farewell. Believe me, I am not ungrateful, and the best proof I can give of my regard is to bid you forget me."

She disappeared through the open door as she spoke, and ere Sir Evan was aware of her sudden purpose, she was passing lightly out of the door and along the broken rock that divided the north sands at intervals.

Sir Evan was forced to change his long green blouse for a more fitting attire, ere he could leave the house, trusting to his superior fleetness of foot to overtake the fugitive; but ere he had rapidly bounded over the first range of thick, massive fragments of rock, that divided his dwelling from the next turn of the cliff, the light figure was gone from view. It seemed almost impossible that she could have gained that distance in that brief space of time, and he began to look over the expanse of sea for some explanation of her sudden disappearance; but in vain. Except the distant boat steering in the direction of St. Helen's, nothing was to be seen on the sea. Sir Evan redoubled his speed till he could command some extent of the white sands, and catch part of the uplands in one keen glance; but in vain. The whole surface was unvaried, unbroken by any human figure.

Sir Evan then turned silently and sadly to his temporary home. It was long ere he saw Violet again, and many and troubled were the events in store for them both in that dreary interval.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN Violet abruptly left the abode of the young sculptor, it was rather perhaps from consciousness of weakness than of strength, spite of her apparent firm and haughty decision. She had hastened with the speed of a lapwing to the first turning that could shelter her from the pursuit she instinctively expected. And then, with a quick, sharp glance around, she detected a narrow, almost inaccessible path up the steep cliff, up which she darted with a swift and sure foot. She had just become concealed behind some brushwood at the moment that Sir Evan Leslie had gained the low eminence that would have revealed her to his eyes, and that brief moment sealed, it might be, the fate of both, and of many another, for long months and years.

She crouched down in the thick underwood, and when the faint, but well-known step of the young artist was no longer heard, the fair bosom heaved and the whole frame was convulsed with long-repressed agitation. She burst into a passion of loud weeping and violent sobs, that would have moved the most unpitying to grief. Then she attempted to stifle it, and to dry her eyes on the opposite shore. She was not a weak woman; perhaps the extreme violence of this outbreak of passion proved her strength. It was far more like the terrible weeping and cries of a man who had been tried beyond endurance, than the gentle, soft tears of a woman accustomed to give way to every emotion. But by degrees, as she looked at the calm ocean view, her tranquillity returned. A few hysterical sobs a deep, heaving sigh once or twice repeated, and then she rose to resume her way home. She had lingered longer than usual in Sir Evan's studio, and the day, now closing in, added to the obscurity of the sky, warned her to hasten. Before she had proceeded far a sudden gloom prevaded the whole atmosphere, portending a severe storm.

Violet hastened on. No dwelling was there now nearer than her own; indeed, had she been able to avail herself of any other shelter, prudence and inclination would have deterred her from it. Still the distance seemed actually to lengthen as she went on, probably from being the first time she had traveled it alone, and her overstrained nerves began to give way as the gloom became deeper and deeper, while at least a mile intervened between her and the pilot's cottage.

At last the sound of a voice, merrily singing in the distance, met her ears, and soon after she could see a boat, with one man in it, rapidly pulling in the direction she was taking. She could not, weak as she felt it, resist a feeling of comfort at the very sight and sound of a human being, and she unconsciously went nearer to the rapidly rising sea as the man came almost alongside of the same spot where she was walking. The man gave her a respectful hail as he touched his sailor's cap.

"I hope you are not far from home, young lady?" said he. "It's going to be a queer evening."

"Not far," she replied, risking, for perhaps the first time in her life, the dialogue with a total stranger.

"It will be a squall directly," he said; "but, what is worse, the wind is blowing the tide so hard that you'll have something to do to get round the point where those rocks stand out."

Violet shivered involuntarily. She was no coward by nature, but her courage had been terribly shaken of late.

"Come,—suppose you get in my boat?" said the man. "You look so pale and scared. I am going that way, and I'll put you out of danger, anyhow."

Violet hesitated,—the offer was a tempting yet an alarming one. She looked at the man's face,—it appeared smiling and cordial. The gloom in the atmosphere scarcely admitted closer examination. Then the sea came roaring and dashing along; danger, perhaps death, came rapidly before her. There was at least the comfort of companionship by availing herself of his offer.

"Come, there's no time to lose," he said, holding out one hand, while he steadied an oar on the shore with the other.

The passing light fell on his face as he did so, and Violet felt an instinctive repugnance at the expression she caught. But it was too late, the man's hand had taken hers, and assisted, or rather half lifted, her into the boat. Then he sat down and began to pull with redoubled vigor. But Violet, after the first few strokes, noticed that he was guiding the boat out further from the land than appeared to her necessary.

"Where are we going?" she asked, timidly.

"Where?—why, of course, to the other side of the Culver Cliff," was the reply; "you said you wanted to go there, didn't you?"

"But you seem going out to sea," continued Violet.

"I don't want to break my boat on the rocks, you may be sure," was the man's reply.

Violet was silenced. On and on they went, the plash in the water was even and strong, and plainly heard even amidst the din of the wind and waves, now rapidly increasing in strength. At last they came near to the "light-ship," that stands as a beacon and a guide to mariners, night and day. Now Violet became more seriously alarmed.

"You cannot be right," she said. "It is impossible you can need to go out so far."

"You are mistaken," he replied, in a voice of more decision and less rough heartiness than is common with boatmen.

Violet now reigned herself to her fate. So long as it was possible, she told herself that it was absurd, unworthy, to cherish fears so apparently unfounded. It was a mere chance that the man had met her; he was a perfect stranger. What possible object could he have in deceiving her? And thus she quieted herself for a few minutes more, till at last the matter was too terrible to doubt. The boat was rowing on and on, and the waves were increasing in height and violence, while the point of the white Culver was nearly fading from their view, and they were rapidly passing the armed batteries of Sandown. Violet now spoke more determinedly to the man.

"You are deceiving yourself or me," she said. "You are not a stranger here; you must know that you are going terribly out of the track. The spot where I live was not ten minutes' row from where you took me."

"Indeed!" he said.

"Tell me, at least, where we are going," she said.

"To friends," was the reply.

"You do not know me," she said, half eagerly.

"I am taking you to those that do," he replied.

Violet shivered. She felt that she was indeed the victim of a purposed plot, which her own impudence had partly furthered.

"And Madgalen," she said, "where is she?"

"Quite safe," was the reply.

"Does she know of this?" asked Violet.

"My good lady," said the man, laughingly, "just make yourself easy. I am only employed to bring you to those that, I dare say, love you dearly, or they wouldn't take so much pains to get you into their company. And as to the young woman you mention, I'll take care of her, too, you may depend on it. Perhaps you'll meet her soon; who knows?"

"But where are we going?" said the girl, in a low, choking voice. Her face was ashen white, partly with cold, partly with fright.

The man did not reply at first. Then he said, "I have told you all I intend to say, perhaps all that I know. Time will explain every, I dare say, to your satisfaction, young lady."

She could do nothing, so she remained quiet.

In about half an hour, she fancied that the sound of the oars were less deep and certain, and the strokes quicker and more shallow, than before. Land! Were they at last near land? It was strange how Violet's heart beat with thankfulness at the idea.

Surely anything, where her own limbs, own strength, could avail, would be better than that dreary waste of waters, where double dangers menaced her, and all effort was vain to escape from her peril.

A few moments more and then there came the dull grinding of the boat as it rested and grated against some dark object, and a faint torch-light came slowly and cautiously towards them. It was a welcome beacon through the thick dreary gloom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEXT to riches there is nothing of such importance to all persons as a presence of mind in times of great danger, or under exciting circumstances. Many a young man has got his start in life by being in full possession of his quality of mind. We can recall an instance at a fire, when the fiery fiend was licking the stuffing out of a brown stone front, there appeared at an upper window a fair young maiden wringing her arms in despair, and shrieking, "Will no one save?" On the walk below stood two young men, who at once rushed forward to the rescue. Suddenly one of them stopped; he recollected himself, his presence of mind returned, and he let his friend rescue the girl. The presence of mind of this young man who refused to save the girl was remarkable; he remembered just in time that he was a married man and couldn't marry the rescued maiden, without going to the expense of a divorce bill.

One acquired honor is surety for more.

Ella's Mistake.

BY [illegible]

ELLA BURRIGE, everybody said, was a beautiful girl—not only beautiful in face and form, but in disposition also.

She was beloved by every soul, rich and poor, in the little town of Hilderry.

Many young fellows had sought the hand of Ella, among them was one Harry Hopkins, or Arry Opkins as this gentleman delighted in calling himself, the only son, and not too handsome son, of a retired and wealthy soap boiler.

Ella was very much amused by the perseverance of the young man, and the subject afforded many a merry laugh for herself and her young friends.

One day Mr. Burrige was taken ill—that is to say, he imagined himself so, and Doctor Pillem, the only medical man in Hilderry, was sent for.

Instead of the doctor himself attending, there arrived a tall, handsome young fellow, who introduced himself as Doctor Pillem's new assistant, and who would see Mr. Burrige.

Ella conducted him to her father, and retired, saying to herself, "What a handsome, gentlemanly fellow!"

The end of the visit was, that Harold Seaton, the doctor, confessed to himself that he loved the beautiful Ella; but how could he, a village doctor's assistant, ever hope to win a girl so far above him?

But Ella's heart, which had so long resisted the pleadings of many lovers, was at last captivated, and by the doctor's assistant.

And it did not please her to think that the rich young poodle Hopkins could get in society, while Harold could not.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, one day after thinking of him, "To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day; perhaps he may——"

Her features became radiant; and without finishing the sentence, she ran from the room.

St. Valentine's morn dawned bright and beautiful. Ella, after breakfast, as was her custom, went for a stroll in the grounds, but had not proceeded far, when she perceived the postman going toward the house. Hastily retracing her steps, she asked of the servant who had taken the letters, 'Is there anything for me, Mary?"

And her hand actually trembled as she drew from the packet of letters a large envelope addressed to herself.

"It is from Harold," she thought; and ran up-stairs to the drawing room, where she knew she might examine the contents of the envelope alone and unseen.

It was unsigned, but later in the day Harry Hopkins met her and claimed to have sent the message. In scorn she threw it at his feet.

That gentleman, whom it is needless to say, was lying, took the valentine, and enclosing it in an envelope, directed it to Harold Seaton, without other inclosure.

Harold was busy dispensing medicine, when Doctor Pillem entered the surgery, and said, "Harold, here's one of your patients fallen in love with you, and sent a valentine."

And placing a large envelope in the young man's hand, the doctor retired, laughing good naturedly.

Harold's hand was unsteady, and, intensely excited, he ripped open the envelope.

'Can it be that she has sent me this in acknowledgement? Yes, surely. Dearest girl how—ha!"

This exclamation escaped his lips as the valentine which he himself had posted to Ella met his view.

"So ends my dream," he said, bitterly. "Oh, Ella—I may speak your name to myself—I loved you from the time I first beheld you, and have dared to hope—wild presumption—that you were not indifferent to the affections which, in spite of myself, you must ere this have noticed. You return my silent avowal with scorn. Thus ends all my dreams of bliss!'

Then, after a moment's thought, "I cannot face her now: I should feel mean in her presence—a presumptuous doctor's assistant, who dares to aspire to the hand of a lady!"

And, with a heavy heart and stern expression, he continued his occupation.

A few days after the above event, he informed Doctor Pillem that it was his intention to quit Hilderry, and seek a situation.

The doctor was extremely sorry to hear this, as Harold was a very clever young man, and offered to increase his salary if he would abandon the idea and remain with him.

But Harold was determined, nothing could induce him to stay, so accordingly one morning he departed for London.

* * * * *

The Burriges were seated at breakfast.

"I am sorry Mr. Seaton has left the doctor's service," said the head of the family, from behind his paper. "He was such a nice, intelligent young man, understood my complaints exactly, and did not, like Dr. Pillem, try to persuade me that there was nothing the matter with me."

"I am very sorry, also," said his wife. 'He was a very gentlemanly young fellow."

There was another seated at the table who felt even more than sorry, but did not say so.

Mrs. Burrige casually glanced at her daughter, and said, "Ella, my dear, are you not well this morning? You are so silent, and '—looking closer—' I fancy, rather pale."

At this, Ella blushed rosy red, and making an excuse, left the apartment and proceeded to her own chamber.

The blush had faded from her cheeks, and she was now, indeed, pale.

"He has gone," she cried, "and never sent me a valentine! His tender glances were all fancy; he cares nought for me. I do not want any valentines now.'

The same day, a huge valentine, with Harry Hopkins' card enclosed arrived.

Disgusted, she told her maid to take it from her sight.

Mr. Hopkins, who never would, under any circumstances, see that his attentions were objectionable, now that days passed and his valentine was not returned to him, thought himself the accepted lover of Ella.

He informed his friends that he was about to marry, but kept the lady's name a secret.

"You know, dear boy," he said to one of his friends, "'Arry Opkins is all there with the dear girls, but—digging his companion in the ribs—"hit's a secret. A gentleman don't go parading his gal's name all over the town."

And he twisted the hairs on his lips so vigorously, that it was a wonder they did not come out.

The next day he was sent by his father to London to transact some business, which detained him there a week, and when he returned to Hilderry, determined as he expressed it, "to settle with Ella," he was not a little disappointed to discover that the Burriges had gone on a long visit to a relation residing in another town.

"Never mind," he said, "I can wait—no fear of being cut out."

The stay lasted through summer and fall. In January, Ella and her parents returned.

Although still as beautiful as ever, the young girl did not laugh so merrily, and her cheeks were a trifle paler than of old.

She did not now delight in society, and liked best to sit alone and think of him whom she loved, and, whom she supposed, cared nought for her.

Bravely did she strive to conquer her affection for Harold, but in vain, her heart was his in spite o' herself.

As the 14th of February again drew near, she became more melancholy.

"I hate St. Valentine's Day!' she said; "and I hope—yet may he not even now?—no!' impatiently, —' he does not think of me, and I wish I could forget him!"

As St. Valentine's Day dawned, and as in the previous year, clear and freely, Ella sallied forth after breakfast to take her usual ramble.

Presently she saw Emma Paxton, the vicar's daughter, approaching who, upon coming up to where Ella had stopped, exclaimed, 'Good morning, Ella, dear! Who's your valentine?'

"Yonder robin redbreast," smiled Ella. "Who's yours?"

"Oh, I do not know," replied the young girl. "There was Arthur Fenton, Cecil Merton, and several others, and I really do not know whom I saw first. But that is nothing; my Valentine does not reside in Hilderry, and that reminds me I must not stay talking to you any longer; I wish to be at home when the postman arrives. I came to ask you if we shall have the honor of your company this evening, it is my little sister's birthday, you know. Will you come?'

"Yes; I think so," replied Ella.

"Mind you do," said Emma. 'Good-bye, you must let me see your valentine;" and she hurried in the direction of her home.

"I do not want any valentine," said Ella to herself, aloud. "I wish such things were entirely abolished, unless—unless I received one from Harold. But how stupid I am; why should he send me a valentine?"

She had just approached a clump of trees, in the centre of which was a garden seat, and leaning against the back of it, she continued, "I do hope Mr. Hopkins will not send me a costly present; I would rather receive the simplest valentine from Harold, and——"

She stopped abruptly, startled by the sound of someone making their way through the dry branches of the trees.

The next moment she uttered a little scream on finding herself confronted by Harold Seaton.

Raising his hat politely, he said, 'Pardon me, Miss Burrige, for so unceremoniously breaking in upon your privacy, but believe me that it was not my intention to——" Then, approaching nearer, "Am I early enough to be your Valentine?"

Ella became at once all confused. Had she spoken her thoughts aloud?

'Miss Burrige—Ella," whispered Harold, "I could not resist once more visiting this spot. May I be your Valentine?"

Ella lowered her head, and hid her blushes, as she answered, "Yes."

Harold drew from his pocket the valentine which had been returned to him the previous year, and was about to speak, when Ella—great surprise depicted on her countenance—snatched it from his hand, and said:

"That is mine! I—I——"

"Then why return it to me?" asked Harold.

Ella explained the fact.

"And you would have kept it had you known?' eagerly asked Harold, his arm stealing round her waist.

'Yes" whispered Ella.

"And I may be your Valentine again?" asked the young man.

"Yes"

"Oh, Ella," cried he, passionately, "you know not the misery that unfortunate valentine has caused me. Not daring to address your verbally, I sent it hoping that you would guess from whence it came, and so know of the love which I bear you. Ella, darling Ella, say I do not love in vain? Can you love me just a little?"

Need we record her answer.

And Harry Hopkins' feeling may be better imagined than described.

ORIENTAL RINGS AND SEALS.—When Pharaoh committed the government of Egypt to Joseph, he "took off his ring from hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand." It is even so, among Orientals, in our own day; no honor conferred by a sovereign or other exalted personage is equal to the bestowal of his own ring; nor is any crime so great as that of purloining one. Many ancient historians allude to such gifts as tokens of trust and confidence on the part of the donor. When Alexander the Great gave his ring to Perdiccas, the act was understood as nominating him as his successor. This is because such rings contain seals or signets; and their chief use is for authentication. In our day, when the art of writing is so generally diffused, at least in all Christian lands, we fail to recognize the immense importance attached to seals in the bygone ages and in countries where this noble qualification was possessed by but few. It must be remembered, too, that in Eastern lands professions and avocations are kept very much apart, and that the art of writing is looked on as a process in by a body of men to whom it affords the means of living, and that they express almost the whole of its principle. A king, governor, or military chief never authenticates a document by his signature but always by the impress of his seal. This certifies to all whom it may concern that such documents have been laid before the person whose seal they bear that he has examined their contents and signifies his approval by affixing thereto his own signet. This may, in some degree, be understood by the use of a seal among Europeans to give validity to a legal instrument or public document, and still more perhaps by the use of the 'Great Seal' of England the keeper thereof being at least nominally, the second personage in the realm. In Oriental nations the very occupation of a seal cutter is deemed one of rare trust, so that the position may be filled only by a man of known and tried fidelity, but it is so replete with danger, that few aspire to the honor of the office. In Egypt, the crime of imitating a seal was punished by the cutting off of both hands, while in Persia, and indeed under nearly all the oriental governments of the East, it is a capital offence. The seal cutter is obliged to keep a register of every seal he makes; and if one be lost or stolen from the party for whom it was cut, he would be too fearful for making another exactly like it. The loss of a seal is considered a very serious calamity and the alarm of an Oriental on discovering that his seal is missing can be readily imagined. As the seal cutter is always required to engrave on each seal the real date at which it was cut, the only resource of a person who has lost his seal is to have a different one made with a new date, and to notify his correspondents that all documents and accounts to which his former seal shall be affixed will from day on which it was lost, be null and void. The material for seals is various—of gold, silver, brass, and precious stones; and the inscription is not merely the name of the wearer, but his office, residence, and frequently the names of a long line of illustrious ancestors together with motto or device as the owner may deem fit, the last answering to the coats of arms among European nations.

MOURNING THE DEAD.—There are many well-educated people whom nothing can induce to put on a mourning garment when not in black themselves. Everyone knows the origin of the custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east, a custom among Christian nations and adopted at first that, as the Lord is to come in the East, the dead may arise and stand with their faces to Him in the resurrection.

New Publications.

"The Age of Unreason," a reply to the Paine, Ingersoll and others' American ideas. It is by the Rev. K. H. Brace, D. D. The work is written from a strict Catholic point, and write it is likely to be convincing in its arguments to those of the author's way of thinking. It makes no new point against infidelity. Indeed, the comparative weakness of the defence would seem to further their cause. Bound in paper backs. Price 25 cents. Sadlier & Co., publishers, New York.

'Hermione,' by Wilhelmine Von Hillern a German authoress well known by translations of her 'Vulture Maiden,' 'The Hour Will Come,' etc., is a novel that will be welcomed by many readers. It is not so much interesting on account of any particular intricacy of plot, as in its showing a deep study and history of the heart. The heroine, so far as she fills this part of the regulation story, is a woman who goes through the ordeal of the agonies too common in everyday life; her tribulations, trials, and final triumph. The tale is told in a manner to engage the closest interest of the reader, and is beneficial and healthy. The plot is not far-reaching nor many-sided, but appeals strongly to those who care for purity, while not encouraging to those who look for merely pleasure. The translator, Mr. S. Baring Gould, has done his work well, making free with such parts which while attractive enough to the German reader, may have less interest in English. "Hermione" is beautifully bound, in gilt covered backs, finely printed, and issued in two volumes. Published by Porter & Coates, this city.

"Belles and Ringers" is the title of a novelette just issued by Lippincott & Co. The author is Hawley Smart, who is well known as the writer of several entertaining works of a similar character. The plot is a simple but interesting love story, and though it has neither great breadth nor the most perfect character sketching to recommend it, it should secure a good circle of readers. It is only intended to make lighter a heavy hour or two, and this it can cheerfully accomplish. Elegantly printed and bound in stiff paper covers. Price 50 cents.

One of the latest publications of the American Book Exchange, New York is 'Romola,' by Charles George Eliot. It is one of the best and most characteristic of the great authoress' novels, and will live forever a noble monument to her memory. In "Romola" will not be found the sensational cap-trap of the common novel, but a deeply wrought and very superior story of human life. Possessing the finest literary qualities, however, it loses it is of the deepest interest, it is not necessary for pastime, or for curiosity. Neatly printed, and bound in cloth boards. Price, 75 cents.

'Decisive Battles of the World,' Creasy's extremely interesting volume, narrating the history of the decisive battles of the world, the fore knowledge of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the course of the world in all its subsequent effects, is highly esteemed by all readers of history. It has for a long time been on Harper's list as one of their standard books, at the price of $1.50. Now it is issued in a very handy size, double volume, by the American Book Exchange, New York, at the nominal price of 50 cents. It forms one of their Acme Library of History. Well printed and bound, and will be sent on application to the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

"The Choice of Books." A very elegant little book bearing this title is, by Chas. F. Richardson, just issued by the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York, at the very low price of 25 cents, also a cheap paper edition at the nominal cost of five cents. It will assist to many good books, and in its wise suggestions will be greatly helpful to all who want help in choosing the best books. The criticisms cover the entire field of literature, and are from the pens of writers in the language. It is a real literary treasure-house.

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The new novel by the famous authoress, Ouida, 'A Village Commune' deals with the [illegible] peasantry in their endless struggle from poverty, the ways to which they are subjected, and the [illegible] they experience in rising above the [illegible] of their position socially and intellectually. As may easily be imagined, the subject affords Ouida ample opportunity for the [illegible] power of the extremes and the [illegible] to which she is so partial. The book is [illegible] to many of her previous works; but it has the merits of strong local color vividly drawn characters and powerful dramatic interest in its more prominent incidents. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

MAGAZINES.

Blackwood's Magazine for January has this table of contents: 'Bel Vedere Cottage;' 'The Puritan Secretary;' 'Port Lut;' 'Before and After the Revolt;' 'The Bishop Arthays;' 'Cephalonia,' in a series of papers on 'Shakespeare's Female Characters,' 'The Seer,' a [illegible] by Rudolph Lindau, 'Out Door Sonnets,' 'The Lure of Gold,' 'The Ministry of Mercy,' a tribute by Dr. Leonard Scott to Professor Conway, and received from W. H. Zeller, this city.

St. Nicholas for February has a frontispiece, 'On the Town,' [illegible] by Frederick Dorman, with a poem on the subject by Susan Coolidge. 'The True Story of an Iceberg,' now just set up in New York is strikingly given by Charles Barnard with numerous illustrations. 'Shakespeare in Art,' and 'Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow,' are in the 'Treasure House of Literature.' 'Cousin Carrie's Story' is contributed by Mary [illegible] Foote, [illegible] of 'Coeur d'Alene,' 'Cast Adrift,' and 'The Great Big Bell,' also 'How Jim Waked Up Christmas.' An attractive features. Scribner & Co., publishers, New York.

A correspondent asks: 'What is the best method of feeding cattle in winter?' We don't exactly know. One man might prefer to take one on his lap and feed him with a spoon. Others would bring him into the dining room and sit him at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE SPARK.

BY DAVID KER.

ONCE there was a little spark who wished to make a noise in the world.

His mother, the Flame, told him he had better stay where he was in the nice warm grate, for that if he went away up the tall black chimney into the cold world he could never come back, and would certainly die.

"Nonsense!" said the spark. "A smart young fellow such as I can take care of himself anywhere. Besides, I've heard my father, the Coal, say that he lived in the world a thousand years or more, so why shouldn't I?"

"You are not so wise as your father," replied the mother Flame, mournfully as she caressed a piece of black coal. "And if you leave me you will die."

But the spark didn't believe her, and was determined to go; and on the first opportunity away he sprang up the long dark chimney that rose like a tunnel over his head and all the other sparks crackled with laughter to see him go up so finely.

But the mother Flame sighed, and flung up her soft bright arms to hold him back, and when she found she couldn't do that, she stretched as far up the chimney as she could in order to watch him.

"There he goes!" she said to the other sparks. "He'll never come down again!"

The spark had some difficulty in getting up the chimney, because the soot caught him, first on one side and then on the other, and said, "Do stay and play with us."

But he was a conceited young spark, and thought himself too fine a fellow to play with black soot. He was going to do greater things than that. Besides he was afraid the soot would dirty him—perhaps even put him out altogether.

So he pushed it roughly aside, and after awhile flew out at the top of the long black tunnel.

It was a dark, windy evening, and the air was cold.

The spark shivered, but called out:

"Hey, what a fine world it is!"

He couldn't see it, you know, because it was dark, but he wanted his mother and brothers to think he could.

Then he whirled away across the garden, over the hedge and along the road.

There he saw a pig coming along, and as it passed him the horse struck a hard stone with its shoe and another spark flew out.

Our spark wanted a companion, for he was beginning to be rather cold and rather frightened, so he hurried towards the new spark, and called out, "Hallo!"

But the spark made no answer, and before he could speak again it went out.

"Stupid fellow!" exclaimed our spark. "Such people don't know how to take care of themselves."

Then he came to a blacksmith's forge, and as he passed by the smith struck some red hot iron which lay on the anvil with his hammer, and out flew a whole shower of sparks, large and small, red, yellow and white.

Most of them disappeared before they touched the ground; but one, larger than the rest, lay on his back on a flat stone, gazing up into the dark sky.

"You are a fine big spark!" said our spark, going up to him.

"I'm not a spark—I'm a star," said the blacksmith's spark reproachfully. "Don't you see my big brother up there?"

Our spark looked up and saw a great star shining down upon them.

"Are you a star?" he said to the blacksmith's spark. "I'm glad to know that, then I must be a star, too! What human has that fellow up there to shine so bright and white? He's no better than we are. I daresay we could look just as fine if we tried."

And the two silly sparks began to puff and blow, and swell themselves out to try and get as large as the star.

Suddenly the blacksmith's spark burst into twenty little tiny sparks, which sparted round about and went out all in a moment.

"So," said our spark, letting himself get small again directly, "that's what comes of being envious and trying to look important. He might have known it wasn't safe."

Just then he caught sight of a shooting star that flew across the sky, leaving a long trail of light behind it.

"Come," said the spark to himself, "I can do that, at any rate."

So he flew away on the first gust of wind that came by, and tried to look behind him to see whether the trail of light was following, but he was whirled up so high and so fast that he grew quite giddy and couldn't tell which was behind and which was before.

"Ha! this is glorious!" he gasped. "This is indeed seeing something of the world! Certainly I am a star—(if I could only see behind me!). How much better it is than——"

Here he came abruptly against a haystack which stood in a rickyard on the other side of a hedge.

"Oh, dear!" he crackled, "that was a very violent blow. Why, what's all this about?"

For, to his astonishment, a hundred other sparks suddenly crackled all round him, then hundreds more spread themselves about, and in another moment the whole side of the haystack burst into flames with a roar.

Another stack stood close to it, and the wind was blowing strongly; so that before our spark could recover from his surprise the second stack was on fire.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed a man who was passing down the lane, "here's a state of affairs! All of Farmer Browne's rick yard afire!"

And he ran off and called up Farmer Browne, who had just taken off his shoes to go to bed, and a number of other men who laid hands on all the spades, pitchforks, rakes, poles, scythes and sticks they could find, and hurried to the rick yard.

There they set to work to beat the burning stacks with all their might, as if it were their fault that they were on fire; and at every blow they gave hundreds of sparks flew out, crackling with fun, and sprang high into the air, and went whirling away in great glee through the darkness.

Amongst them went our spark, the brightest and biggest of the company. They chevied each other round and round, and whirled and tumbled about.

Oh! it was a fine—but a terrible—game the sparks had together on that dark, windy night!

"Ha, ha!" laughed our spark. "It's well indeed that I got away up the dark tunnel! Now I have seen something of the world and have made a noise in it,—for I have set——"

But he never finished his sentence, for just then he went out.

* * * * *

Meantime, one of the sparks at home had managed to climb a little up the tall dark chimney, as far as the bend, where he could see up to the sky, and he peeped up to see whether he could learn anything about his wandering brother.

"Hey! Mother Flame!" he suddenly cried out; "here's our Spark shining over so brightly right down our tunnel. He must be coming down to see us again!"

Then the Flame flickered and hissed and leaped on to a piece of wood which was in the grate, and threw her soft bright arms around it, and so climbed up to where the little spark was sitting on a bit of soot on a brick, and looked up the chimney and out at the sky above.

She saw no spark but a beautiful bright star looking down the dark tunnel as she looked up.

"Where is our spark, sweet star?" she called up to the star.

"He's gone out," replied the star, in a clear quiet voice.

"Did he make a noise in the world?" she inquired.

"Yes, he set Farmer Browne's rick yard on fire."

"Ah!" murmured the Flame. "What's the use of having made a noise in the world? Now he's gone out!"

And she trembled and flickered, and then sank down into the grate, and whispered a little dirge to the sparks for their lost brother.

THE BAR AND THRONE.—The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon was a Welsh bar maid who, being extremely poor in her own country, journeyed to London to better her fortune, and became servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife, himself dying soon after, leaving her heir to his property which is said to have amounted to between two and three hundred thousand dollars. Among those who frequented the tap at the brew house was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar. Mr Hyde being endowed with great talent, and at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery Court, and was afterwards the celebrated Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest daughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James, Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II. sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some very sharp raillery on the subject, commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Upon the death of Charles, James mounted the throne, but a premature death frustrated this in the person of his amiable Duchess. Her daughters however, were Queen Mary, the wife of William, and Queen Anne, both grandchildren of the bar maid from Wales, and wearing in succession the crown of England.

A little child in New Jersey, a few days since, received a scalp wound on the head, and, upon the advice of an older brother, some tobacco was bound upon it to heal it. The result was that the child was nearly killed by narcotic poison.

DAVID'S VALENTINE.

BY PIPKIN.

DAVID WINTER was a good hearted, well meaning little boy, perhaps wise beyond his years. He often did strange things, but that of one St. Valentine's Day was the strangest of all. Though his example, in doing as he did, is not to be commended, the heart and feeling of kindness that it sprung from is worth something to young or old.

"Miss Burch, didn't you never get a valentine?" he said on the occasion with more good will than grammar, as he leaned on the sewing machine in his mamma's sitting room, and looked up into the little dressmaker's face.

"No, I don't think I ever did," said Miss Burch, taking a pin out of her mouth.

"Well now, that's too bad, and you such a nice little woman too. What were all the fellows thinking of?"

Miss Burch laughed.

"Not of me, evidently, Davy.' But thank you for the compliment."

"Oh, you're welcome. But really it is too bad. Why, I'll wager my sister Gus gets twenty this very day."

Just here Miss Augusta herself passed through the room and said:

"What are you bothering Miss Burch for, Davy? It's nearly school time."

"I ain't a bothering her. Am I, Miss Burch?"

"Not a bit," answered the little dressmaker.

"But it's time for you to go to school," insisted Augusta, who did not fancy boys in the way.

"It isn't for half an hour yet. But I'll go off if you're so particular."

Master David marched out in high dudgeon.

"Gus is as fussy as the dickens," he grumbled. "And I'm wager she gets a whole load of valentines, and nice little Miss Burch not one. But she does though! I'm tend to it myself. I can't write nice enough, and she shan't have one of them comic things I'll—oh I know what I'll do."

He dashed into his uncle David's room without waiting to rap—little David knew he was a privileged character with big David—and began:

"Uncle—uncle, please write me a valentine, quick!"

Uncle looked up from his writing.

"What do you want with a valentine?"

"Oh, I know. I'll send it. You just write one, a regular good one, won't you?"

"I suppose I can," drawing a sheet of paper towards him. "What shall I write?"

"Oh, you know. Write like you was asking her to have you, ain't that the way? You know how to set it up. Begin it 'Dear Miss,' don't you? And—oh, I don't know, but you do."

Thus adjured uncle Davy, to humor his pet boy's nonsense, took the paper, and wrote:

"DEAR MISS.—Being impressed with your beauty and worth, I write this line to ask you to be mine, and if you accept me for your valentine I shall be so happy. For ever thine——"

"Shall I sign your name?" he asked, pausing and looking up at his anxious companion.

"Yes, put my name," says little Davy.

So big Davy signed it "David Hunter," and gave it over to his nephew.

Davy took it and scampered away.

Uncle Davy thought no more of the matter for he had his business to occupy his busy brain.

After supper uncle David went up to his room, and the first thing which caught his attention was a small white envelope lying upon his table.

He took it up.

It was addressed to him in a neat hand, but a strange one, and he opened it thinking it some matter of business.

He read it—caught his breath—read again, and then again.

Good gracious!

This was what he read:

"MR. HUNTER:—I was so surprised at your note that I hardly know what to answer. It seems so strange that you should choose me for a wife, and yet I feel sure you are too true a gentleman to intend a joke upon one so friendless as I am. If you really meant it, and do wish to make me your wife, I will speak to you in your master's library after supper.—Yours respectfully, MARY BURCH."

Uncle David sat down and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

What did this mean?

He was incapable of trifling with a woman, and he was sure he had not written a note to a woman for—a sudden thought struck him.

He sprung from his seat, and summoned David junior to judgment.

The young rascal came speedily, and his uncle at once said:

"Davy, who did you send that valentine to?"

"To Miss Burch," answered Davy, promptly.

"Well, sir; look what a scrape you've got me into. She thought it was from me, and she has answered it."

Davy's eyes danced.

"Whew! that is a sell. I vow, uncle Dave, I didn't mean any harm. I never thought of that."

"I don't believe you did, boy. I'm sure I did not. But what on earth am I going to do now, that's what I want to know?"

"Well, now, uncle, I can tell you what I would do," said young David, assuming a confidential air. "I'd just go in and see the thing through. She's very nice."

"But my goodness, I hardly know her," exclaimed uncle Dave.

And really he didn't except as a little lady who frequently came to sew for his sister.

"Well, what's the difference? I do and I'll answer for her. She's all right," argued the young philosopher. "I tell you she's nice. Lots nicer than the fine ladies who come to see mamma."

"How do you know, Davy?"

"Oh, because she ain't never cross to me, and don't say I'm always in the way, like Gus does, and she's always so neat. I say, uncle, it would be jolly if you would marry her, and live in another house and let me come and stay over so long with you. Do it, uncle, I would."

Uncle David took out his purse, opened it, and drew forth a coin.

"See this, Master Dave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you're a sharp little fellow. If I give you this, will you keep your mouth still, and never let Miss Burch or anyone else know that you sent that valentine?"

"Done! Won't I? You just let me come to the wedding and you dance you and me'll keep one secret."

"All right. If there's any wedding you shall surely be there. Run off now, for I want to think a bit."

Away went little David while big David sat down and think deeply for a few moments.

True, he had not intended to marry, but he was able to if he chose.

Might have done so long ago, but since he had lived with his sister she had made his home so pleasant, he had not needed any other.

"A house of his own" did sound pleasant, and he would choose just a nice quiet little homely body like Miss Burch, if he were looking for a wife.

And then he couldn't, no he couldn't, tell that tender little woman that she had been made a jest of—he would sooner die than do that.

Little Dave's advice was good, and so down wended uncle David to the library to write it.

The little dressmaker was not there, but she soon came in bustling and looking so sweet that uncle Dave fell in love at once and was glad of small David's blunder and entirely forgot how nonsensical that valentine had been written.

"I couldn't think you were in earnest, Mr Hunter," she said, as Dave came forward and took her hand, looking down into her soft, bright eyes.

"But I was," said he; "you are a dear little woman, and you just suit me. Are you going to say 'yes'?"

Miss Burch decided that she was, and so the end of it was that nobody had occasion to regret Little David's Valentine.

GREAT MEN'S LITTLENESS.—That nearly all great men have their foibles, and sometimes, a ridiculous side, Shakespeare was a remarkable exception, but he treated his companions with contempt, and unjustly criticised the works of his day. Jerome Cardan was a noted scholar and a man of much perseverance and industry, but he had a high opinion of himself. Said he: "I am followed not only by single persons, but by nations." The weakness of Bacon appears clearly in his writings. Cotton Mather had over his study these words: 'Be short.' Read the writings of Moore. In his diary he says, "I walked along the Strand, every body looks at me." Alexander Pope thought he was one of the poets upon which the world turned. Victor Hugo is known all over Europe for his colossal egotism. Lord Byron, Jeffrey and Gifford were vain. Lord Byron said Socrates, Aristotle and Galen were full of ostentation. It is plainly seen from their writings that Bacon, Penn, and Cicero were full of vanity. James F. Cooper, the novelist, was vain in a disagreeable way. His vanity made him appear rude and unconventionally in society. Wadsworth was mean and sometimes small in his endeavors to save money. There was some cause for calling Goldsmith an "unlearned idiot." Spenser had several great delusions. Dante was not remarkable for practical wisdom. Voltaire's mind was one-sided. Lamartine was a splendid dreamer, but not a practical man. Percival was a genius, yet mark the weakness he showed in dealings with his fellow-men.

The hard compounds of rubber are now used for veneering furniture. Excellent imitations of ornamental woods are produced.

Instruction ends in the school-room, but education only ends with life.

THE RELIC ON THE ROCKS.

BY A. Y. S.

The lustrous moon through the winterly night
Glides with the stateliest pomp of a queen,
Over filmy cloudlets of pearly white
And a cold, calm sea of transcendent sheen;
The gleam of her robe is reflected there,
And lights up her path like a mermaid's hair;

Sheds over the tremulous, sleeping sea
A vision of beauty and pure delight,
And softens with fingers of fantasie
The grim, grey cliffs' inaccessible height
Till the soul is lost in a dreamy mist,
And all seemeth lovely the moon hath kissed.

But something hides in the rift of a rock,
Near a yawning cavern's ominous gloom,
Which the shimmering moonbeams dare not mock
With their lightsome touch, for it tells of doom;
In its silence filling the air with sound,
And the swirl of a tempest all around.

A something with ribs, and a broken back,
Skeleton ribs that are gaunt and grim,
Dying alone in the shadow so black,
A wreck, nevermore to be taut and trim;
Nevermore answer to breeze or to blast,
With a floating pennon, or straining mast.

Lying there, rotting, by night and by day,
Under that cruel and pitiless crag;
Only the curlew to watch its decay,
Only the seaweed for pennon and flag:—
Nothing but timber and cordage, 'tis true;
Only a boat—but the boat had a crew!

THINGS GONE BY.

A MAN in the prime of life will search in vain for many objects with which he was perfectly familiar in his boyhood. Where, to begin with, are the flint and steel, with accompanying tinder-box? They are gone where the Dodo is. They have become extinct. The tinder-box had a long run, since its invention by Anacharsis, a Scythian gentleman, in the year 600 B. C. But it is as much a thing of the past as Spartacus's insurrection or the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was turned. The remotest backwoodsman lights his pipe now with a "lucifer,"—a luxury which would have been priceless half a century ago.

Then there are the snuffers. Who sees the snuffers now? Till the introduction, about the year 1842, of what are called composite candles, the snuffers were the invariable appurtenances of the "dip," or the "mould." A quarter of a century ago the eloquence of the lecturer or preacher used to be more than once interrupted during his discourse by the intrusion of an attendant with the snuffers.

To the energetic genius of the same Scythian gentleman who gave mankind the tinder-box, is ascribed the invention of the bellows. The bellows, twenty-five years ago, were indispensable to every housewife and housemaid. Since, however, Dr. Arnott, in 1821, patented his improvement in the production and agency of heat, the gradual substitution of registered stoves in place of the old fireplaces, has rendered them unnecessary. Great artists have condescended to adorn the bellows, and a collection of examples would form a rare exhibition. For all practical purposes, the domestic blowing-machine is as much a thing of the past as the amber tree.

The man of middle age will recollect another equally indispensable utensil in every house with any pretension to comfort. This was the warming pan. The employment of the bright copper vessel with its long handle, sometimes elaborately carved, was as general among all classes, and its insertion between the sheets just before the tired traveler turned in at some wayside hostelry, served not only to air the linen, but served to extract the lavender in which the sheets had been laid.

A famous incident in history shows that the use of warming-pans was not confined to cold weather, but extended, at least in 1688, to near midsummer for, when on June 10 in that year, the wife of James II., of England, gave birth to a son, James Francis Edward Stuart, known afterwards as the Chevalier de St. George and the Pretender, a general persuasion prevailed that a supposititious child had been foisted on the nation by means of a warming-pan introduced into the bed of the royal mother. Of course the unpopularity of the King, then at its zenith, is sufficient to account for the popular belief; but the popular belief in turn shows that it was not unusual in England to employ the warming-pan even in the leafy month of June.

Some people still living may possibly remember the spit, with its huge wheel and strange gear, enclosing the dog, which, squirrel like, had all to do the work now performed by gas-stoves and bottle-jacks.

The sedan-chair was introduced into England in 1581. The Duke of Buckingham—much as the first patron of the umbrella at a later date—aroused such indignation by using one that the populace used to exclaim that he was employing his fellow creatures to do the work of beasts. But the sedan soon lost its unpopularity, just as the umbrella did. It came into general use about 1645, and continued in use for two hundred years, and then, like other fashions, disappeared with the post-chaise.

Other changes, quite as notable as these, have taken place. Swaddling-clothes in which a child used to be bound, like an Egyptian mummy, have been disused, and free play is now allowed to the circulation of the blood.

The cradle, too, in which the infant was placed and rocked to sleep, has all but disappeared. How the child could outlive the shaking and bumping occasionally administered by an unskilful or irritated nursemaid is a matter of wonder to those acquainted with the present method of quieting a restless baby. The rocking cradle has many tender associations connected with it, but there can be no question that the oscillating machine has in many cases been the cause of serious injury to the health.

Another absurd practice has vanished—this was the universal wearing of nightcaps. The young and the aged the strong and the infirm, all wore the wretched head dress, as may be seen by reference to the caricaturists of the time. When "Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures" were appearing, nobody thought of going to bed without a nightcap any more than he did of spending a year without being bled.

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS.—Most of the fashions of past times were due to the anxiety of some reigning beauty either to conceal a blemish or to display a charm. A famous French beauty had the misfortune to burn her forehead. The accident left an awkward scar, which the famous beauty carefully covered, with a gem, and from that time all the ladies of the French Court wore precious jewels in their brows. Anne of Austria had lovely arms; but small is the worth of beauty from the sight retired. The Queen shortened her sleeves to show her arms, and all the artists of the day had to paint wrists and elbows as well as hands and faces. Madame de Pompadour was little, and so she thought it best to wear high heels. But as well as being a short woman she was also a great invalid, and so she introduced those beautiful dressing gowns knotted with lace and ribbon which soon were worn at every court in Europe. Poor Marie Antoinette, in her anxiety to display her lovely blonde hair, piled her flaxen locks upon a cushion, and wore the crown of France several inches above her head, thus making high hair, while the Empress Josephine, to exhibit her figure, at once Greek and Creole, invented cashmere and brought its use into fashion.

Grains of Gold.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts.

Never show a contempt for any one.

One acquired honor is surety for more.

Attend carefully to details of your business.

A decent boldness ever meets with friends

Never expose people's weaknesses and infirmities

If you talk much, beware of those who listen attentively.

When our hatred is violent it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

Liberality is not the act of giving, but the noble disposition of the giver.

He that pleases nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

When one gets so much humility that he is proud of it, he is just a little too good to live.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

Men are sometimes well acquainted with their head, when they are not so with their heart.

Doubt is the vestibule which all must pass before they can enter into the temple of wisdom.

It is a lively spark of nobleness to descend in most favor to one when he is lowest in affliction.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practised: men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

It has been shrewdly said that when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It consists of treating others as you would have them treat you.

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinions of things which ruin us.

The idle word that I speak to day, shall I not meet it again and again at the crossing of the ways until the world be no more?

A man's blindness to his own defects will even increase in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

The calm or disquiet of our temper depends not so much on affairs of moment as on the disposition of the trifles that daily occur.

Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them, just what we would say to those persons if we were present with them.

Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, know how to prize them the most.

No company at all is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

Those who speak always, and those who never speak, are equally fit for friendship. A good proportion of the talent of listening and speaking is the base of social virtues.

A readiness to believe ill without examination is the effect of pride and laziness. We are willing to find people guilty, and unwilling to be at the trouble of examining into the accusation.

There is nothing that a young man, at his first appearance in the world, has more reason to dread, and therefore should take more pains to avoid, than having any ridicule fixed on him.

Humming a tune within ourselves, drumming with our fingers, making a noise with our feet, and such awkward habits, being all breaches of good manners, are therefore not to be practised.

If you have made a mistake don't think it a condescension to apologize. The true gentleman is always willing to rectify a blunder. Only the mule bites with one end and kicks with the other.

Nothing is more insulting than to take pains to make a man feel a mortifying inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, etc. In the first, it is both ill-bred and ill-natured; and in the two latter articles it is unjust.

Some clocks do not strike. You must look at them if you would know the time. Some men do not talk their Christianity: you must look at their lives if you would know what the gospel can do for human nature.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the agus of doubt by doing your conscience's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill has time to come.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with his own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

There are some who refuse a favor so graciously as to please us even by the refusal; and there are others who confer an obligation so clumsily, that they please us less by the measure than they disgust us by the manner of a kindness as pursuing to our feelings as the politeness of one who, if we had dropped our handkerchief, should present it to us with a pair of tongs.

Feminimities.

Clerical-looking collars in high standing bands are worn.

The youth who permits his sweetheart to rule him is a miss-guided young man.

Courting next summer will be cheaper, owing to the reduction in the price of ice.

If we were a girl, we would select a lover from among tailors—for they all know how to press a suit.

It is polite to think that ladies who wear colored pearls do it because they are tired of their diamonds.

A counter irritant is described as a woman who is forever shopping and never finds anything she wants.

A bird with brilliant plumage is worn instead of the corsage bouquet with some evening toilettes.

When a lady turns angler and fishes for either a husband or a compliment, she is apt to catch more than she wants.

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman she objects to having one.

During the census in Switzerland 917 women refused to tell their ages and each one was returned at 45 and fined $1.20.

"I called twice and found you out," said Mrs Jones. "Very good," said Mrs Smith, "I had to call but once to find you out."

The man whose hair turned white in a single night, is surpassed by a girl who lost hers completely off in a single dance.

Josephine Iturbide daughter of the former Mexican Emperor, is to receive from the present republican Government a pension of $40,000 a year.

The worst about kissing a Pittsburg girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features till you reach the nearest pump.

In one of the Indian camps in Minnesota, lives a Chippewa squaw, who is enjoying the society of her twenty-fourth husband, the medicine man of the tribe.

A little girl seeing two birds billing and cooing was told that they were making love. "Why don't they marry?" she asked; "then they won't make love any more."

"In choosing a wife," says an exchange "be governed by her chin." The worst of it is that after choosing a wife, one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

When two men fight a duel about a woman there is almost always, somewhere, a third man, who laughs heartily at their folly, and, while risking nothing, gains, perhaps, everything.

"Why are we here?" was the opening remark of a fashionable clergyman last Sunday. And not one woman rose up and honestly answered that she was there to show her good clothes.

Mrs. Mountjoy, who was reproached for her lack of sentiment, replied: "How can a woman have any sentiment whose husband goes to bed six nights out of seven with his boots on?"

A lady was praising the amiability of her friend's husband, and asked how in the world she had ever brought him to such perfection, whereupon the friend sweetly answered that she did it chiefly with a croquet mallet.

During the gold mania, a woman in Iowa hung herself because her husband went to California. Shortly after a number of husbands went to California from the same neighborhood, but their wives couldn't see it.

Teacher with reading class. Boy (reading): "And she sailed down the river—" Teacher: "Why are ships called 'she?'" Boy, (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex), "Because they need men to run them."

An English paper discourses on "Cheap Girls." It says: "No young man, not even the worst, wants anything to do with a cheap young lady." This is a mistake. No matter how cheap a girl may be, her young man always thinks she is a "little dear."

A farmer's wife in Illinois was watering stock when a pet cow turned its head quickly and knocked her into a well, where she remained for three hours. She kept her head above water by clinging to the bricks, but died from the chill soon after she was taken out.

A young wife lately lost her husband who was about seventy years old. "But how did you ever happen to marry a man of that age?" asked one of her friends. "Why," said the young widow, "you see I only had the choice of two old men, and, of course, I took the oldest."

The husband of a scolding wife down town stood gazing long and earnestly upon her photograph in a frame upon the wall. When she sharply asked him why he stood staring at it like an idiot, he replied that it seemed so strange to see her in a position where her chin was in calm repose.

When a woman spends three hours in a hot kitchen, and almost roasts her brain in preparing a tempting and appetizing dinner for her husband to which he sits down without a word of commendation, and replies, when asked how he liked his dinner, "Oh, it will do!" the tired one doesn't feel encouraged to waste much time on his supper.

Mme D——, a mature Parisian beauty, happened to take a swallow of very hot tea while dining out the other day. Her contortions and grimaces drew the attention of the whole table, and judge of the astonishment—she had no eyebrows! The steam of the tea had warmed the artificial substitute. They had fallen into her cup, and—she had swallowed them!

A beautiful girl named Jemima recently committed suicide because she could find no diminutive for her name ending in "is." A few hours afterwards came a letter from a classmate, beginning, "Dear, darling Mimmie," but it was too late, and she was borne to the grave by eight companions, named respectively, Abbie, Hessie, Carrie, Dollie, Ettie, Florrie, Georgie and Mattie.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been enacted in real life in Stuttgart. A student, in love with a young girl, had repeatedly written to her parents for their consent to a marriage. Receiving no reply, he poisoned himself at the girl's lodgings. Next day came a letter with the parents' consent. At the funeral, the girl swallowed poison, and fell lifeless into the arms of one of the choristers singing over the grave.

News Notes.

Painted silk gauze jabot in pale tints are new.

Glass eyes for horses are the latest novelty.

Salt is good for frost nipped toes, fingers and ears.

In North Carolina there are 267 tobacco factories.

French travelers regard Washington as a very small city.

The best dancers in Washington are army and navy officers.

The sale of oysters in New York City last year amounted to $4,500,000.

English Judges are so well paid that they frequently amass fortunes.

The bicycle is recommended to country physicians instead of the horse.

Private generosity in England is planting cottage hospitals all over the country.

A mermaid on exhibition at St. Louis proves to be half monkey and half codfish.

Prisoners in the Penitentiary in Tennessee are called by the reporters "leased zebras."

A Sioux brave bears the name of Castile Soap. He is a terror to the white men of that region.

A sixteenth interest in Goat Island, at Niagara, has been sold for fourteen thousand dollars.

The flute on which Frederick the Great used to play is still shown in the castle at Potsdam.

The Game and Fish Commissioners of Maine advise the farmers to kill all the cats they can.

Hollow iron columns for supporting floors and roofs are much used in constructing large buildings.

Harvard students frequently make a nuisance of themselves at places of amusement in Boston.

A Vermont railroad company has paid a passenger who lost an ear in an accident fifteen hundred dollars.

The Committee of the French Jockey Club has just decided that a priest may be a member of that institution.

Clicking fringes of jet, with each strand of jet finished with a spike or ball, are among the handsomest trimmings worn.

The Buddhist priests in Japan have taken the Bible in their course of study, so that that they can the better oppose the missionaries.

The new and stringent temperance laws of Kansas have induced a Paola brewer, whose property was rendered worthless, to commit suicide.

Cats' heads in diamonds, with topaz eyes, a little pink coral tongue, and a blue enamelled collar around the neck, are the latest fancy in jewelry.

Over 100 niches or small recesses, are being cut in the Hoosac tunnel for the retreat of the workmen when trains pass after the double track has been laid.

So many whales were seen off the south side of Long Island recently that a Connecticut steamer is being fitted out to go on a short whaling voyage in pursuit of them.

A negro 90 years of age was found dead by the roadside, in Alabama, and near by was his faithful dog nearly frozen, having guarded the body of his master for two days and nights.

The boys in the public schools of Paris are to be instructed in the military drill, and for that purpose have been formed into companies and battalions and furnished with rifles, bayonets and uniforms.

A gentleman who borrowed an old pamphlet from a Lowell, Mass., physician, found a one thousand-dollar bond within its leaves, the doctor having placed it there for safe keeping, and forgotten all about it.

A Boston restaurant keeper received an order from a deceased gentleman, through a medium, for an old-fashioned pumpkin pie. The medium ate the pie while under the control of the delighted spirit.

A small boy in Connecticut, while roasting the other day, encountered a railroad train; but with small boys' luck, his head passed over the track, between the trucks of a moving freight car, without injuring him in the least.

A betrothed couple in Iowa had a quarrel, and broke their engagement. Both attempted suicide the same night, but their lives were saved. On the following day, convinced that they did not desire to live apart, they had a minister unite them.

Italian smugglers are very ingenious in their methods of introducing contraband goods into Rome. They recently constructed a tunnel running from some distance outside the interior of the city, and through this the smuggled articles were introduced, a line of rails and some small cars being used for their conveyance.

During the present season Paris dressmakers steal from all the great masters—Raphael, Veronese, Rubens and Van Dyck, and they borrow from all lands. Charles IX dresses, Chinese shoes, Regency head dresses, Directoire hats, and Oriental stuffs are mixed together by them in a salad, a carnival of colors and stuffs.

Five hundred pounds of condensed citizenship have been sold in Boston as junk. That is the weight of the ballots cast in that city last November. The law requires that they shall be destroyed without having been examined by anybody except authorized committees of other bodies, and that is done by selling them to paper-mills out of the State, where they are sent in sealed bags, which are not opened until their contents are to be ground up.

AFTER WAR PESTILENCE AND INTEMPERANCE. Colds lead to the greatest destruction of human life, mainly in consequence of their being systematically neglected,—"left to go as they came,"—until a simple, curable affection is converted into a serious and generally fatal disease. It is better to take care of a Cough or Cold from its incipiency, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy thoroughly adapted to remove these complaints, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

THE DENTIST'S PATIENT.

His face was a picture of woe
  As into the office he came,
And he said, "I've an auld tooth or so
  That achin' and jumpin's their game;
And sure as me name is Tim Darrin,
The villains I'd be after sparin'."

With forceps and lance I prepared
  To earn me a brace of half dollars,
When Tim all at once became scared,
  And exclaimed, "Wud ye tackle the molars,
And not at all help me to bear it
By bracin' me system with sperit?"

I could not afford to deny
  My patient of "sperit" a taste,
So a bottle of six-dollar rye
  And a glass on the table I placed.
He walked up and seized the decanter,
And poured out a glassful instanter.

Then swallowed it all, with a smile,
  And, wagging his musical tongue,
He remarked, "Let it sittle awhile,
  And me narves will like drum-cords be strung;
They're getting each moment more stiddy,
And me toothache is better airiddy."

"Begorra," he uttered at length,
  "I'll not have the fangs out, I b'lave,
For the villains have spint all their strength,
  And beautiful now they behave."
Then saying the fellow kind-hearted,
  "God prosper ye, sir," he departed.

—KNOTS VARYAN

The World of Humor.

Firm friends—Partners.

A cold snap—A broken tire.

No head or tail to it—A circle.

Daybreak is the boss eye-opener.

Runaway team—An eloping couple

It is better to give than to receive—a bill.

Will 18 carat gold make good vegetable soup?

"I should blush to simper," is the latest slang.

Photographers take the world just as it comes.

The industrious miner succeeds by vein efforts.

Stands to reason—A debater who won't sit down

The man hanged himself of his own free will and a cord.

Emulate the mule—it is backward in deeds of violence.

"I'm a full case," said the compositor when he was drunk.

Do not make an enemy of a miser—he will give no quarter.

"Quite a cold snap," as the fox remarked when the trap took him in.

To check is to stop, except in case of a traveler's baggage, which is checked to make it go.

"Teeth inserted without payin'," remarked the tramp, as he bit into a piece of stolen pie.

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not cold."

Why are seeds when sown like gate posts? They are planted in the earth to propagate (prop a gate.)

A Southern editor says he never dotted an i but once, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

A man in Virginia has discovered the eleventh commandment. It is: "Let them chickens alone."

A horse-dealer, describing a used up horse, said "he looked as if he had been editing a newspaper."

"Ah! my son, did you not know it was sinful to catch fish on Sunday?" "Who's a ketchin' any fish?"

"What Does Winter Bring?" is the title of a poem received yesterday. It brings cold feet and diphtheria.

General Hazen, the new "Old Probabilities," began life as a plumber. How the old fellow favors the trade!

But soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is a snowball; and yonder goes the son of a glazier.

We asked lately if the mouth of a river ever had false teeth, and a correspondent says that its grinders are all falls.

Babies were described, many years ago, as noisy, lactiferous animalcules, much desired by those who never had any.

Why is an omnibus-driver swearing at his horses like a good Christian? Because he is above making unpleasant remarks.

Folly—To think you can make pork out of pig iron, or that you can become a shoemaker by drinking sherry cobblers.

A Chicago paper tells of a man who was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money in Wall street, and had lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a bull or bear. He said: "Neither; I was a jackass."

We know of a man who is so talkative that nothing but the toothache can make him hold his jaw.

Some wealthy people act as if they think that as long as the poor have food for reflection, that is enough to keep them from starvation.

Time is the great healer. The men who a few days ago were picking snowballs out of their ears, will have forgotten all about it by July.

A Hibernian switch tender who saw a train coming in on time, said: "You are first at last, and you were always behind before."

It must have been just this kind of a winter when the prodigal son returned, for we read that the old man "ran, and fell upon his neck."

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady. "Never mind, madam; it's tough enough as it is," quickly replied the boarder.

It should be noted that a man with a walking stick, moving on with a double-quick pace, is not to be confounded with a hurri-cane.

A middle sized boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

Poll mankind to morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, "a knave or a fool?" The majority would be at least two to one in favor of the knaves!

It is said that pork fed on Cincinnati whisky is never afflicted with trichinosis. When the parasites get a whiff of the whisky they take pity on the pig, and leave.

Little boys out skating forget that frozen ponds and rivers must have air-holes. Many families have lost a pair of skates and a little boy through ignorance and a hole in the ice.

They charge fifteen cents for a drink of buttermilk at Key West; but as a sort of offset they fling the customer four dozen oranges, and tell him to send a dray after the [illegible].

A colored man went into a newspaper office and wanted to subscribe. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jess as long as it is, boss. Ef it doesn't fit de shelves, I kin t'ar a bit off myself."

The question constantly arises whether there is really anything in a stage kiss. A Chinese laundryman, who was an actor in his native land, says that it is like ironing a shirt bosom with a cold flat-iron.

General Sherman doesn't go to bed till midnight. The "army retiring board" ought to get after him.——The last words of the great Kant were, "It's enough." They had just given him some gruel.

A man has perfected an invention whereby sauer kraut can be boiled in the house without any of the inmates smelling it. The invention consists of a small pad of Limburger cheese worn under the nose.

A Boston man was invited to a banquet. At the bottom of the invitation was the following: "Nota Bene — Eight o'clock prompt." He read it thus: "Not a bean, eh! Then I don't go to the banquet, that's all about it."

Those persons who assert Christianity is losing its hold upon our people, are evidently non-church goers. Clergymen, to day, command higher salaries, and women wear more expensive clothes to church than ever before.

That was a rare freak of the carpenter who ran through the street with his hands about three feet asunder, held up before him, begging the passers not to disturb him, "as he had got the measure of a doorway with him."

A long-winded minister continuing for some time after the usual hour for closing, thereby tiring the audience, and a little girl in particular, she turned and said: "Ma, I'll go home to dinner, and then come right back again."

A nobby young man, traveling in Texas, went in to a store and asked the proprietor if he had any black kids. The young man can't comprehend why the store-keeper came over the counter and broke up all the furniture with him.

A Cincinnati man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. "Who are you?" he demanded. "The gas man come to take the meter," was the reply. "Great heaven!" cried the householder, "I hoped you were only a burglar."

The man who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage traveling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him something like eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

The most amusing man in the world is a Frenchman trying to vent his rage in English: "By gar, you call my wife a woman three several times once more, and I will call the watch-house and blow off your brains like a candle."

A boy, attending a festival supper, said some of the voracious visitors, had been starving themselves so long, in anticipation of the feast, that they were hollow all the way down, and he could hear the first mouthful they swallowed strike at the bottom of their boots.

A Boston paper remarks that love is an affection of the stomach. In the interests of amatory poetry, we really hope not. Just imagine a lover warbling beneath the lattice of her he loves, "My stomach is breaking for the love of Alice Grey!"

The school committee of a Southern State have invented a new verb. They allude in thier annual report to the influences "which derrick up to a better life." This word is a little better than "h'ist," which has heretofore been used to express the same idea.

Johnny came home from school the other day very much excited. "What do you think, pa, Joe Steward, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar!" "What position did Joe take!" "His last position was across a chair, with his face down."

A preacher in Kansas had for weeks been conducting a wonderfully successful revival. "Dear brethren and sisters," he said one day, "this is the last meeting I shall hold. It is impossible to keep up a fervor on corn bread and molasses for myself, and an ear of corn a day for my horse. God bless you!"

A preacher in Kansas, had been for weeks conducting a wonderful revival. "Dear brethren and sisters," he said one day, "this is the last meeting I shall hold. It is impossible to keep up fervor on corn-bread and molasses for myself and an ear of corn for my horse. God bless you."

She was young and beautiful; he was old and ugly. He took her hand and squeezed it tenderly, and she put out her tongue at him. She was eighteen and he was seventy still it was an affection of the heart. O, yes it was. Her heart was affected, and he was a doctor trying to see how far the mischief had gone.

There is a quaint story of a Texas preacher who had a falling out with his congregation, while the congregation and pastor were at daggers' points, the latter recieved an appointment as chaplain in a penitentiary. When he came to preach his farewell sermon, he took the following verse for his text: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."

Some men at Louisville were betting on the weight of a large mule, when one man, who was a good judge of the weight of live stock, got behind the mule, and was measuring his hindquarters, when something appeared to loosen up in that particular location. Just before the expert died from a kick in among his ribs, he gave it as his opinion that if the mule was as heavy all over as he was behind, he weighed not far from 47,600 pounds, and a trifle over.

A French peasant saw in the river a floating egg. He thought he could catch it in his hand, but, in the attempt, fell into the water, and the egg "'scaped him." The water was deep, and he could not swim. In terror, he believed that God was thus punishing his greediness. To propitiate his fate he vowed that if he escaped he would never eat another egg. Instantly the branch of a tree presented itself to him, by means of which he gained the shore. Shaking himself, he said: "I suppose, O Lord, that you of course understand me to say raw eggs?"

No health with inactive liver and urinary organs without Hop Bitters. See another column.

Santeul, the poet and wit, was an inveterate card-player. One day he was summoned to the pulpit while engaged in a game of poker. He got up, taking his cards with him, and concealing them under his coat. Unfortunately, as he was preaching, he extended his arms with a vehement gesture, and let fall his cards, which flew in all directions about the church. The congregation, of course, appeared much scandalized; but Santeul quietly called a child of some ten years toward him, and said: "What is that card which you hold in your hand?" "The queen of spades," replied the boy. "And which is the first of the theological virtues?" "I don't know." "Ah! my brethren!" cried Santeul with a burst of indignation, "behold how you teach your children the names of the cards, and neglect to teach them the virtues!"

Love is like the demon, because it torments; like heaven, because the soul is in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes a man happy; like a man, because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides on to the wished-for port; like a will-o'-the-wisp, because it often guides one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little pony, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or the kiss of a pretty girl, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it—in a word; like a ghost, because it is like everything, and like nothing—often about, but never seen, touched or understood.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 26 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

The advertisement of De Land, Florida, in this week's paper, will prove interesting to all planning to move to Florida, on account of health or other causes. Read it.

CANVASSERS Make from $25 to $30 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Quiet nerves and Balmy Sleep in Hop Bitters, for sleepless Ladies and Invalids.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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If the stomach, liver and bowels are affected to adopt the sure remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Diseases of the organs named beget others far more serious, and a delay is therefore hazardous. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, chills and fever, early rheumatic twinges, kidney weakness, bring serious bodily trouble if trifled with. Lose no time in using this effective, safe and long known medicine. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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53 Gilt Edge, Chromo, Snowflake, Glass, Lace &c. Cards Name on 10c Franklin Pr'g Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

30 ALL Lovely Moss Rose and assorted Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Agents sample book including Outfit 10. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Ct.

30 Happy Day, Chromo, Lace, &c. Cards, with name & morocco case 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards No 2 alike 10c. Agents big outfit 10c. Card Factory, Shelton, Ct.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

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SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

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FLORIDA.

Revised Descriptive Circular

—OF—

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January 8, 1881.

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Great Orange Belt

This place is about twenty-five miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and is almost constantly favored with a tempered

Sea Breeze,

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This belt of land is about twenty miles long, and averages about five miles wide, is gently undulating, and, in our immediate vicinity, somewhat hilly. Our lands are

Unsurpassed in Fertility

by any pine region in the State. In our village, which is only four years old, we have a

Fine School Building,

used also for Union Sunday-school and church services.

We have daily mails, three general merchandise stores, one of the largest in south Florida, a drug store, millinery and notion store,

The Florida Agriculturist,

a large eight-page weekly paper. A railroad from our Landing, via De Land, to the Atlantic Coast, is chartered and work commenced; also material on hand for a Telephone to our Landing. Our boarding-houses afford a good fare at reasonable prices.

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"During the years of 1878 1879 and 1880, within a circuit of six miles in diameter, DeLand being the center, with a population averaging over 250, many of whom came here invalids, there have been but four deaths. Two were infants under six months, and two were men who came here sick."

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE prettiest dresses now preparing for the winter season are, I think, those for evening wear. Ball dresses for young girls are all short ones, and one of the favorite materials for them is India muslin, white or colored, over silk, with a cuirasse bodice, or casaquin of satin, pekin, or brocaded velvet. For more elaborate toilettes satin is more used than anything else, the skirt being entirely composed of this; but the bodice is of gold moiré-cloth, or else of plush, and these waists are made like cuirasses, with all the plainness of Jersey bodices, being laced behind, and very little trimmed about the neck.

Strong contrasts in the way of color are avoided in evening dress, but harmonies such as cream and gold, pink and ruby, and gold and brown are very fashionable.

The most popular trimming consists of lace and flowers, which are both used in reckless extravagance upon the very simplest of toilettes.

A lovely dress of pale pink tulle has dark holly berries for garniture, and shows dashes of dark red plush in the corsage, with broad revers of the same on the sides. The dark red holly is also very effective on white tulle dresses.

A white plush waist with short skirt of white tulle over satin is very pretty with the back covered with three pleated flounces of Lyons tulle doubled, while the front is arranged in a sharply-pointed apron. The spaces below the apron are filled out with many very narrow gathered ruffles of satin. A Parisian fancy is for dresses of brown tulle trimmed with pink roses.

For the daytime all wear the short round skirt, whether double or single, with basque or coat bodice. The only exception is for toilettes of ceremony, such as weddings, morning concerts, etc., and even then the round skirt is admitted if elegantly trimmed. But as all ladies do not possess dresses for every different hour of the day, trains have been contrived which can be taken on and off at pleasure. These trains form the continuation of the trimming of the dress.

A dress of black satin or brocade can be worn with round skirt during the day; by adding a train it is rendered more elegant and dressy for the evening.

In the same way a high-necked bodice may be changed into an open one by removing a plastron in front, and long sleeves into semi-short ones by taking off the pleated or shirred facings which match the plastron. Thus, one dress can be made to answer two purposes, with very little trouble, and a good deal less expense.

A neat and decidedly becoming way of making up a simple dress for a young lady is the following:

Bodice made quite plain at the back, pleated in front, the pleats finished with shirrings upon the shoulders and at the waist. Round belt. Skirt put on plain in front, and in a wide quadruple pleat at the back. This skirt is looped up on the right side, which is draped up in pleats fastened into the side seam, while on the opposite side the drapery is laid in deep flat folds, which lose themselves under the heavy quadruple pleat at the back. The sleeves are wide and pleated in the upper part, and closely shirred from the elbow to the wrist. An underskirt is kilted all the way down. The neck is finished with a deep collar, square at the back and peaked in front. This style of dress can be made of any light kind of fancy cloth—vigogne, cheviot, tartan, or other woolens. The upper-skirt is frequently edged round the outline with thick woolen cord to match, and looped up with the same. If preferred, the collar and deep cuffs may be of plush or velvet, but in that case the latter should be plain—not shirred.

For a short dressy toilette, a pretty style is to have the skirt satin, finely shirred or pleated, and finished round the bottom with a deep fluting. A long tunic or polonaise of satin, or velvet brocade, opens in front over this skirt. It is fastened upon one side with a wide scarf of the same material as the skirt, with shirred ends, finished with tassels. The bodice opens with revers over a plastron of shirred or pleated satin, which can be removed at pleasure if the dress is to be transformed into an evening toilette. The sleeves, of brocade, are short to the elbow; they have movable facings matched to the plastron, which can be exchanged for white lace trimmings for the evening.

Plain black satin dresses are very fashionable, and likely to be so for some time. They are exceedingly becoming both to young and old. The best way to make up the black satin, if you do not wish to have it cut up too much, is to have a round or semi-long skirt trimmed with flutings round the bottom, and a shirred tablier in front. This tablier takes up one width. Two widths are required to form the drapery at the back of the skirt, which is to be arranged into a narrow bouffante tournure. If required merely to wear in the day-time, the bodice may be a deep basqued casaquin, trimmed en fichu with handsome jet beaded passementerie. Sleeves long and tight, with passementerie and satin, bows at the wrists.

If a more elegant style is preferred, the following is a very tasteful model:

The skirt consists of a double series of draperies superposed, and edged with black lace, and is finished round the bottom with two narrow flutings, headed with a pleated band of satin, fastened up here and there with ornaments of beaded passementerie; similar ornaments are scattered about the draperies above this trimming. The bodice is in the shape of a deep-basqued open jacket, trimmed all round with a double lace ruching, fastened down at regular intervals with ornaments of beaded passementerie; similar ornaments are scattered about the draperies above this trimming. The bodice is in the shape of a deep-basqued open jacket, trimmed all round with a double lace ruching fastened down at regular intervals with ornaments of beaded passementerie. This open bodice shows a very deep plastron, partly pleated and partly shirred and finished below the edge of the basque, into two pointed lappets bordered with lace. The semi-short tight sleeves are trimmed to correspond with lace and passementerie. At the back the basque is slit open and edged with lace, two passementerie agrafes being placed just above the opening, and the skirt is semi-trained.

A handsome dinner dress is of nut brown satin, the skirt is trimmed round the bottom with two narrow flutings, above which is placed a satin puffing, headed with a narrower fluting. The front is pleated across and trimmed at the foot with a deep border of velvet patterns worked in applique over satin. The velvet patterns are seal brown, and are outlined with fine gold soutache. At the back the train is fully draped quite up to the waist, where the bodice is finished with a large bow of satin. In front, on the contrary, the bodice is prolonged into a point, and basques are applied on to each side, coming down at right angles into a deep point, and remaining open behind. These basques, or paniers, are trimmed with a border of the velvet applique. A peaked plastron of the same—all matched to the border upon the skirt—is placed over the bodice, and the neck is finished with an open square collar to correspond. The sleeve facings are also trimmed in the same style with velvet applique.

This is, indeed, one of the favorite trimmings of the season, and is far richer and more effective than even the handsomest brocade. Chenille and beads of various patterns are also frequently introduced in patterns of velvet applique.

Of mantles I have little to say beyond what I have already mentioned as fashionable at the commencement of the winter season, excepting that young ladies are now wearing short redingotes of plain cloth, of very masculine appearance, plainly stitched, with flat cloth buttons, and not a vestige of trimming. The redingote is perfectly tight-fitting, double-breasted, and open at the neck, with revers.

It is very fashionable to introduce a small quantity of gold or silver soutache in the trimming of dark-colored cashmere and other fine woolens. The soutache is often put on in slanting stripes over the collar and facings of the bodice.

Most strikingly effective evening toilettes are formed of a combination of brilliant light colored satin and dark lustrous plush. For instance, over a short round skirt of deep plush is draped a very short tablier of silver-grey satin, pleated upwards in curves, and finished with a deep chenille fringe. At the back is added a fully-draped train, cut square, of the same satin, showing a handsome lace balayeuse. The plush skirt is cut out into scallops, with satin flutings between. The tight-fitting satin bodice is open, with plush revers continued behind into a pointed collar. It is laced down the front over a narrow peaked plastron of the plush. At the back the pointed basque is edged with a puffing of satin a shade darker than the dress. The bodice is filled in with white lace ruffles, and the sleeves are finished with turned up plush facings and lace trimmings.

A very beautiful ball dress is of white silk gauze, turquoise satin, and creamy white lace. The semi-trained skirt of gauze is perfectly covered with narrow alternate flounces of lace and gauze. Two wide scarves are draped over this skirt—one is of turquoise satin, the other of white gauze; both are pleated across the front, edged with lace, and fastened upon the left side with clusters of white roses and brownish foliage. The low bodice is deeply peaked in front and at the back, and rounded over the hips. It is of turquoise satin, with pointed plastron of puffed gauze, edged with lace in front and laced behind; lace round the top, and short puffed gauze sleeves. A long trailing cluster of white roses is fastened upon the left side, and one rose nestles in the hair, on the right.

Strange, indeed, are the whims of fashion; bright-colored insects, diamond spiders, and panthers' claws, mounted in gold, silver and precious stones, are among the charms and porte-bonheur worn by our elegantes.

Fireside Chat.

THE ART OF PAINTING ON CHINA.

A GOOD light should be chosen by the artist for the painting—a table placed near a window facing north is best—and a seat should be selected where the light will fall from the left hand on to the plate; the shadow cast by the hand will not then rest on the painting; if it does so, it will be found to render more difficult the execution of fine lines and finishing touches.

A silk or foulard is the best material for painting in; the small loose particles that are found on woolen dresses, and the dust that collects in them, interfere greatly with the painting. Although the short hairy particles will fire out, they often leave a dark mark that cannot afterwards be eradicated; a needle or the point of a brush will remove them.

It is by far the easiest way to paint the background, should one be desired, before painting in the flowers and leaves; there is then no danger of spoiling the design, for should any of the background tint cover any spaces left for the flowers or leaves it can be easily scraped off with a penknife.

Some persons paint over the entire surface of the plate with the background tint, and when quite dry, scrape out the spaces inside the Indian ink outline, leaving them by this means white, and ready for the colors that are afterwards to be laid on. There need be no fear of painting over the outline if sketched in Indian ink, as turpentine has no power of removing it because it is mixed with water. Others, again, paint the design, and lay in the background afterwards; but it is a much more difficult plan, as in an intricate design the dabbler cannot be used, or if used in the larger spaces, it can only be done with great caution, for fear of touching the green tints of the leaves or spoiling the color of the flowers. The colors must depend entirely on the flowers. With the exception of white flowers, that will look well on almost any tint, much of the success of the plate depends on a good contrasting color being chosen.

I will give a few suggestions on this critical point, reminding my readers that light-colored or white backgrounds have the effect of causing all colors to appear darker by comparison, while dark or black backgrounds lighten the tint of the objects they are intended to throw up into relief.

Iris, painted with purple royal mixed with blue to the correct shade, will blend with a yellow background, and form a rich piece of coloring. Forget-me-nots, again, look well with a deep blue background composed of a purple royal and blue mixture. Primroses will accord with a lilac background, daffodils with a background painted in azure-blue, while corn-flowers will bear a dark orange ground. Rose du Barry is a splendid color for grounds; it is the same as that used in Sevres works. Celadon-green is also a beautiful color for grounds; it is the tint of a duck's egg-shell, and harmonizes well with many of the soft delicate flower tints. Mixed lilacs for grounds can be obtained ready for painting in three different shades. Purple royal will mix with many colors; brown, orange, or yellow mixed with it will give good shades. Greys are composed of mixtures of brown and blue; brown, green, and blue; and of brown, green, blue and pink.

These mixtures will agree with any colored flowers, and as they do not interfere with their tints, they are always safe to use. Mixed backgrounds can be formed of many colors, and when well selected are very soft and pleasing in their effects.

For example, a mixture of blue and pink will give a mauve or warm grey, according to the proportions used; it should be applied very thinly if a delicate tone is required. Blue and green, and brown and green will produce useful shades.

The color being selected and ground finely on the slab, add a few drops of oil of aniseed to prevent it being too quickly absorbed by the china—sufficient for the entire wash must be ready before commencing—then take as large a camel's-hair brush as it is convenient to work with, and wash over the whole ground-work quickly with light sweeps of the brush, keeping the hairs flat and open; then take the dabbler, and, holding it upright, dab rapidly and evenly over the entire surface, which will cause the color to dry smoothly. The dabbler must on no account be used if it is not perfectly dry, and the process must not be continued too long, for on the paint becoming drier it will only serve to draw off the color if the dabbling is persisted in. Still, the longer the dabbler can be used without drawing off the paint the smoother will be the ground. Experience will soon teach how long it may be employed before the paint dries.

Some dispense with the dabbling process altogether, simply laying in the washes with the brush alone, preferring that their backgrounds should not be too smooth. A flat tint should be washed in first, and the hatching worked in of the same tint; or other tints may be broken in to heighten or lower the effect.

Ground-laying is performed by quite a different method; its object is to lay a perfectly smooth and even tint. The plate is washed over with grounding-oil, the depth of the subsequent coloring being dependent on the thickness or thinness of the oil-coating. After laying on the oil let it stand, protected from dust, until it is partially dry; try it by touching it lightly with the finger. When it is somewhat set it is ready for the further operation of bossing. Screw up a piece of cotton-wood, cover it with three or four layers of fine linen, leaving sufficient length to hold it by, then again cover it with leather or silk. This is used as a dabbler. Now dip a piece of cotton wool into some dry finely-powdered color until completely covered. Then thoroughly dry. Prepare the tints and shadows, leaving the lights on the china. The stems of a rose-branch will require outlining with rose color and brown, and thorns in rose-color. Leave the finishing touches till after a second firing. Carmine should be laid on thin. Shadow-green made of brown and green is used for the deepest tones of green. The darkest touches on the stems will require brown, or brown and red; thorns must be darkened with ruby. Purple-brown is useful for outlines. Some artists outline their entire sketch with it after the shading and finishing touches have been put in.

Tennyson can take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth $500. That's genius. Mr. Vanderbilt can write fewer words on a similar sheet, and make it worth $50 000 000. That's capital. And the United States government can take an ounce and a quarter of gold, and stamp upon it an "eagle bird" and "Twenty Dollars." That's money. The mechanic can take the material worth $50 and make it a watch worth $100. That's skill. The merchant can take an article worth 25 cents, and sell it to you for $100. That's business. A lady can purchase a comfortable bonnet for $10, but prefers to pay $1.00 for one because it is more stylish. That's foolishness. The ditch-digger works ten hours a day and shovels out three or four tons of earth for $1. That's labor.

Even at this day, once in a while, theatre managers threaten to start a war against the woman who wears a hat the size of a valise, and then bullies it up with nodding plumes. That would be well. We would be glad, indeed, to see this woman destroyed, but at the same time couldn't something be done with the man who can't sit two hours without three drinks, and climbs over your lap and tramples on your feet every time that all devouring thirst comes upon him?

"Yes, I am going to skate," he answered as his teeth rattled, and his ears stood out like steam from medals. "They tried to stuff me with the story of a boy who froze to death on the rink at the park, but I won't take it." "Did one freeze to death?" "Naw; come to find out about it, he just froze his ears, and nose, and fingers, and toes, and the rest of his body was not touched at all. They can't scare me with any of their tales of horror."

Answers to Inquirers.

B. E. J.—In round numbers, twenty-one thousand.

SUB, (La Grange, Ga.)—You may safely deal with them to any extent.

G. N. H.—We do not know of any publication of that name in the country.

PROF. J. S. (Gale, Tex.)—It is a matter about which we do not care to express an opinion.

ARCHITECT, (New York, N. Y.)—The Coliseum at Rome was erected by the Emperor Vespasian.

H. P. (Ashfort, Mass.)—It is a purely private matter with which you, as a stranger, can necessarily have nothing to do.

J. T. (Estill, Ky.)—The firm is all they pretend to be. Whether the article may turn out to be what you expect, we cannot say.

C. W. (Worsham, Va.)—You will probably get all the information you require by addressing the "Scientific American," New York.

POST M. (Hampshire, W. Va.)—We know nothing about them, and consequently cannot recommend them. If you have any facts, forward them.

R. S. (Winchester, Va.)—The firm is reliable and will do what is offered. As to the article, we can only say that we have heard it highly recommended.

I. W. A. (Bryan, Tex.)—Du Shaiu, Gater, Shiller, DeMill, Dis-ra-e ii. Give the above their full English pronunciation and you will get them correctly.

SCRAP, (Helena, Ark.)—Your point is well taken. It is possible to argue out of the difficulty, but though custom may not be altogether, the strict rule of grammar is in your favor.

BLOOMING, (Camden, N. J.)—When a widow marries again the wedding-ring of her first marriage remains, as a rule, on the finger, and the ring of the second marriage is worn above it.

A. B. C. D. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We have never heard of any publishers of the name you mention. If at all in existence they are not among the larger firms located in the principal Eastern cities.

BUCKEN, (Round Rock, Tex.)—We do not know them and cannot say. There is a very fine dictionary published for a low price, and possibly this is what is meant. Whether it will bear out the promises or not we cannot say.

W. S. T. (Keokuk, Ind.)—We know of no firms in either America or Europe who buy or exchange cancelled postage stamps. You may be sure that if any one does want them, it is for some improper purpose, so have nothing to do with the business.

SUBSCRIBER, (Kirksville, Mo.)—Send on a lead pencil impression of both sides of the coin. To do this, lay on the coin a piece of soft white paper, and rub it with a soft black pencil, until you bring out the impression on the face. We may then better judge of its character.

ARTHUR, (Rochester, N. Y.)—1. The handwriting we would judge to be that of a lady. 2. The first copies are extremely rare and valuable. It is dated August 4th, 1851. 3. The real meaning we do not positively know, but feel sure it is "bold, noble, or powerful." 4. We cannot tell. Quite a number. 5. Much obliged for your good wishes.

E. M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Sneezing was considered ominous among the Romans, under certain circumstances. St. Augustine tells us, that when the accients were getting up in the morning, if they chanced to sneeze while putting on their shoes, they immediately went back to bed again, in order that they might get up more auspiciously and escape the misfortunes which were likely to occur on that day.

A. H. (Norton, Miss.)—1. No. Mason & Dixon's line ends, we believe, with the line of States bordering Maryland on the North and East—that is, Pennsylvania and Delaware. 2. The root Psoralea Esculenta—not as you spell it, Psoralea Esculata—is common in the West under the names Bread root, Indian turnips, Prairie turnip etc. It is said the Indians eat it. 3. Your other question requires some research, and we will try to answer it next week.

BETTY JINKS, (Hartsville, Va.)—When a young gentleman continues to call regularly upon a lady but never invites her to attend any place of entertainment, it depends upon whether he goes to such places himself alone or in company with other young ladies. In this latter case it would seem as though he only came to pass the time away. In the former he may have good reasons for not acting. Before deciding on any step, ascertain the facts about him in these respects.

F. L. T. (Lake, Ill.)—In the State of Rhode Island, those who are not native citizens must possess value to the extent of $134 before they can become legal voters. In either Massachusetts or Connecticut, to read and write the English language is a condition of citizenship. There is no state in the Union where the Catholic is prohibited by law from holding office. The first named are in the Constitutions of the respective States. Who were instrumental in passing them it would be, at this late day, difficult to say. Certainly none of the great modern parties had anything to do with it. Your other questions bearing on the matter are also answered in the above.

MAGGIE C. (Carrollton, Tex.)—Glucose, grape or starch sugar is found in sweet grapes, and may be often met with crystallized on the outside of dried raisins, figs, etc. The glucose of trade is made from starch or other suitable material by the action of sulphuric acid. Water mixed with a one hundredth part of acid is combined with water and starch, all being heated to the boiling point. After boiling some time chalk or other mineral is added to kill the acid. The liquid is then evaporated, and the sugar remains. It may be, and sometimes is, made from rags, sawdust, etc. The method of working in such cases is the same as above. It is not so sweet as cane-sugar, and is generally used to adulterate it.

ASTRONOMY, (Vineland, N. J.)—All astronomical calculations require a perfect knowledge of the highest mathematical branches. We do not understand how the "rule of the least common multiple" could be applied to ascertaining the period of conjunction of all the planets with the sun. Such a thing is probably impossible, owing to differences of orbit, etc. The motions of most of the planets are reducible to law, but this law is not so simple as yet, as to be capable of explanation by common arithmetic. The shortest plan would be for you to purchase a work on astronomy and read the subject up. The fact that you do not know the orbits of the planets are ellipses and not circles shows an utter absence of information on the matter. You will find astronomy one of the most sublimely interesting subjects of study possible.

W. C. A. (Carlinsville, S. C.)—If you find it impossible to love any one, we advise against your marrying. Under the circumstances, you had better keep "bachelor's hall." There is no danger, however, at your age of your becoming a woman-hater. Mingle freely with the fair sex, as before, and we venture to predict that many moons will not pass ere you fall a victim like the rest of mankind. 2. Any dealer in musical instruments will furnish what you want. Send an addressed postal and we will send the name of a reliable house. 3. We do not know from personal experience, but should judge that farming was an excellent business, if one's tastes led him to it. 4. The best age for a man to marry is between twenty eight and thirty five. 5. The handwriting is quite good, but you will pardon us for saying that the spelling is abominable. In your letter there are eleven misspelled words.

W. A. D. (Elk, Kans.)—According to Greek legend Endymion was a shepherd of remarkable beauty, who retired to sleep every night in a cave in Mount Latmus in Caria. Ariadne according to Homer, was a daughter of Minos, King of Crete. Minos was a cruel tyrant, who compelled the Athenians to send him a periodical tribute to Crete of seven youths and seven maidens, whom he turned into his celebrated Trojan Labyrinth, which was so intricate that nobody could possibly find his way out of it. In this labyrinth roamed the Minotaur, a ferocious monster, with the body of a man and the head of a bull who devoured the Athenian youths and maidens. When Theseus, one of the early heroes of Athens, landed at Crete with the tribute of the Athenians for the Minotaur, Ariadne fell in love with him, and gave him a clew of thread by means of which, after slaying the Minotaur, he escaped from the labyrinth, and carrying off Ariadne made her his wife. The legends differ as to their final fate. According to one, when she and Theseus arrived at the Island of Naxos, on their way to Athens, the goddess Diana killed Ariadne with her arrows. According to another legend, Theseus ill-treated his wife, and abandoned her at Naxos. When Theseus departed, Bacchus married Ariadne, and after her death transferred the crown which he had given her at their wedding to the stars.